

The Reader

VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 4

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

WE have been told that each succeeding number of THE READER has been an improvement over its predecessors, and to ourselves the reason for this is obvious. Our first number contained scarcely a line that was not contributed by special invitation, and the subjects of the majority of the articles were directly suggested to their authors. The result, however interesting, was necessarily somewhat formal and one-sided. The second number was sent to press within a few days of the publication of the November issue, but not before several eligible manuscripts had been received from our readers. With the publication of the third number came additional unsolicited contributions which we found acceptable, adding, we believe, interest and variety to our contents.

The present number of THE READER consists almost entirely—not including our regular departments—of what is to us new and interesting material, received in the majority of cases from writers whose names came to us for the first time with their manuscripts.

IT seems to us that the most interesting literary announcement for 1903 is that made by "Harper's Monthly" of a series of literary essays by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne's prose is not well known, though he has published several volumes of sympathetic studies and essays, revealing a remarkable style.

Another interesting announcement for the New Year is of a new volume by Mr. Henry James, to consist of ten short stories and one long one, to be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ANOTHER work of fiction, to be published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. in early spring is from the strong, facile pen of Stewart Edward White, who handles primeval nature and its forces so trenchantly. This time the scenes of "White Silence" are laid in the frozen lands of the Hudson Bay Company.

The Macmillan Company will shortly issue new novels by James Lane Allen and Nancy Huston Banks.

PAUL Adam, whose portrait is given opposite, was born in 1862, and published his first work of fiction, "Chair Molle," in 1885, at which time he was identified with the symbolistic school of literature; he is a tireless and talented writer, and has, since then, written, in all, some thirty works, ranging from naturalist to mystic, historic and socialist themes, by turns,—many of them interwoven from the events of the time of the first Napoleon. His latest novel, "L'Enfant d'Austerlitz," issued this season, deals romantically with the famous Corsican who once nearly ruled all Europe; it is a subtle analyzing of the mental and psychological evolution of a youth who passes through the many successive phases of thought-development contingent upon the transition process of a gradual revulsion, from Napoleonic faith to revolutionary beliefs welded by doubt. So shifting is the point of view of the youth that, necessarily, it conveys an impression of a wavering, substanceless character which detracts somewhat from the human interest we feel should concentrate about the central figure; but the work shows the conscientious, terse style of a masterly writer who is thoroughly equipped and endowed, by nature and experience, for the literary manipulation of the elusive phenomena of human passions and emotions, and summarizes them in fine diction, his concise phrasing suggesting somewhat of Flaubert's style.

In 1891 Paul Adam was one of the contributors to "En Dehors," a journal of revolt, and has been classified by some critics as one of those novelists of anarchy whose writings possess that most dangerous element of appealing intensely to the public, by reason of their eloquence and sincerity in idealizing ruffianism into martyrdom. From his natural philanthropic trend, and through his sentimental convictions

alone, is he a literary anarchist, theoretically and in the abstract, but he is the strongest of all the band of younger French prose writers who have been identified with this movement.

A natural-born reporter, just and philosophical by temperament, historian above all, and yet fanciful in the extreme, these four individual currents of idea often betray him into distracting syntheses; but his great love of art, for art's sake, never swerves from its ideals, and has endeared him to his French contemporaries.

ONE of Anderson's earliest efforts in his practice of the art of engraving forms the quaint frontispiece of a New York reprint (1792) of Dilworth's popular text-book called "The Schoolmaster's Assistant" (Wilmington, Bonsal and Niles).

In the way of an ingenious appeal to the youthful mind, these pedagogic predecessors of one hundred and fifty years ago show a spirit of enterprise which is unequalled even by our modern kindergarten system, as may be seen by the following extract:

"Six Rogues, viz. D, E, F, G, H, and I, having entered into a Confederacy, do agree to divide whatever Sums of Money they shall at any time take upon the Highways, according to their Valour, that is in proportion to the Number of Scars they should then have upon their Faces. Now the first two, viz. D, and E, being very bold and daring Fellows, had received D 20, and E 19 Scars: The next two, viz. F and G having a Lefs share of Courage, and not caring to stand all Brunts, had each of them but 9 scars; but the other two, viz. H and I, being mere cowards, always turned their Backs at the Least Opposition, and so by chance they had one a piece; and they having at several times stolen the Sum of 700L. 13s. do desire to know how they muft divide it?"



M. PAUL ADAM

ON the opposite page is reproduced the earliest of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings, which, until now, has never been reprinted. It first appeared in "Past and Present," the magazine of the Brighton Grammar School. Although this mere thumb-nail sketch, as it may be called, possesses no æsthetic value whatever, *per se*, it forms a matter of interest and curiosity, as indicative of the trend of his artistic nature at the age of fourteen years. Mere outlines, crude, as works of art, and showing all the traces of haste and inexperience, these burlesque cricket sketches have a humor peculiarly their own—a humor which may be fully appreciated by one familiar with England's national game. In this work Mr. Beardsley gave, pictorially, the familiar expressions used in the game, which is dear to the heart of the English school-boy. Many admirers of the artist's work will be surprised to know, from this drawing, that his early work was signed A. V. Beardsley.

PROFESSOR Georg Morris Cohn Brandes, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, was born in Copenhagen in 1842, and was graduated from the university of that place. He is a man of letters, *par excellence*, with extraordinary grasp of mind, and has contributed in an eminent degree to the nineteenth century world of literature as essayist, historian and critic. Most of his works have been translated and published in America by D. Appleton & Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons, Crowell & Co., and the Macmillan Company, and the third volume of his "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature" (Reaction in France) is about to be issued by this latter house.

Mr. Brandes has made a lifelong study of Shakespeare's plays, and, through his exhaustive critical biography, in two volumes, which has been

translated by William Archer and published by the Macmillan Company, is recognized as one of the few great Shakespearean authorities. He does not admit the intangibility of the personality of Shakespeare, discovers no cypher, and reads no esoteric message into the poet's work, and is, therefore, considered heretical by the opposite school of believers, and his critical study a bit of special pleading. He treats each play as the record of a stage in Shakespeare's spiritual history, with breadth and sanity of view. He presents the poet's ultimate ethics—and, supposedly, his own as well—in the following remarkable passage:

"The only true morality consists in following out our own ends by our own means, and on our own responsibility. The only real and binding laws are those which we lay down for ourselves, and it is the breach of these laws alone that degrades us."

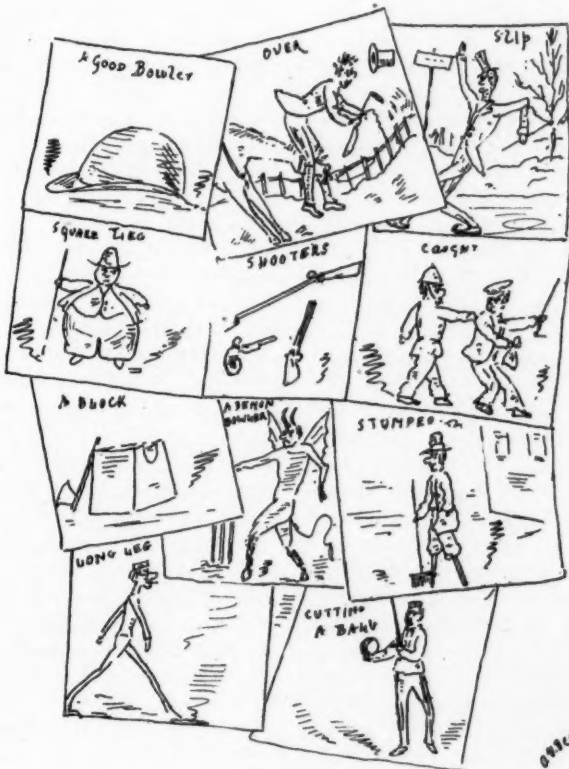
SOME of Lilian Whiting's pen silhouettes of the characters in her new book, "Boston Days," are, unintentionally, most humorous: she summarizes Theodore Parker as "almost the Savanarola of his day."

Of Anne Hutchinson she says, "She was the Mary A. Livermore of her day. Governor Winthrop characterized her as 'a godly woman and of special parts, who had lost her understanding by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing.'" (It is to be feared we need not look far for the modern prototype of this worthy woman!)

Miss Bacon is designated as "the modern Cassandra of literature."

"Mr. Howells," she states, "is a great man, for he not only writes, but lives"—which, when one comes to think of it, is rather extraordinary. Most people die of such excesses. And so she proceeds, *ad infinitum*, and to the mystification of the reader.

THE JUBILEE 3 CRICKET Analysis



THE FIRST PUBLISHED DRAWING OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THE Kirgate Press of Lewis Buddy, 3d, established in 1891, has for its aim the producing of the bookman's book only, and nothing of a faddish nature. Among the most notable of his publications is a series of histories of the old, and some of the more individual, presses. The two first volumes of these productions of Famous Presses are "Horace Walpole and the Strawberry Hill Press," 1757-1789, by Munson Aldrich Havens, and "The Cambridge Press," 1639-1692, by Robert F. Roden.

In each of these the writer presents the individual solely, as a printer and book-lover, and in the former gives us Walpole in one of the happiest of his many capacities, that of a lover and maker of odd volumes, rather than the Walpole of the Letters, son of the prime minister of England. A carefully compiled list of the publications of this press is given, including the "Loose Pieces," whose quaint titles are of themselves worth possessing, and must prove of interest to all book collectors. The illustrations include a portrait not previously published, from an original pencil drawing by T. Gosden, of Thomas Kirgate, Horace Walpole's printer at Strawberry Hill for over thirty years. There is said to be but one engraved portrait of him in existence, that by Colland.

In 1639 the first printing press in the English Colonies was set up at Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Daye, and for more than a generation was the sole representative here of the art of printing. He was succeeded by Samuel Green, who, in conjunction with Marmaduke Johnson, printed Eliot's Indian Bible, in 1661-1663, the first Bible published in America, and the greatest achievement in the history of American typography. There is a biographical list of the issues in Lewis Buddy's volume of "The Cambridge Press."

The third book of the series will treat of Benjamin Franklin as a printer and the production of his historical press, written by a noted Franklin authority. "Collectanea" of the Kirgate Press, which presents Carlyle's heretofore uncollected writings,—three of which have escaped the notice of all Carlyle's English bibliographers—contains a review of a German translation of "Selected Poems" of Robert Burns; a curious contribution on "Indian Meal" which reveals the "Sage of Chelsea" in the classic rôle of cook; and a letter to the editor of the "London Times" which shows what manner of hero worshipper Carlyle was, himself, on occasion.

Mr. Buddy, who makes outside contracts for fine limited editions with book clubs, is now reprinting in facsimile 125 sets of the old "Dial" for the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio. There are sixteen numbers of these, one of which appears each month, just as it was originally issued. It has been said that this is the most important publication ever undertaken by a book club.

IN the prospectus of the Scott-Thaw Company there are announced, among other promising features, two books from Henry Copley Greene's scholarly pen,—one original, the other translated matter. There are three plays, "Pontius Pilate," "St. Ronan of Brittany" and "Théophile," and in the first of these he has given the full story of the trial of Christ, in verse-form. As a translator Mr. Greene has ranked in comparison with the greatest, both here and abroad, and we hope he has not fallen below his former standard in his translation of the "Pensées de Joubert." This firm has just issued a pretty little booklet, "The Pilgrim's Scrip," selected from "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ONE of those instances which prove the ascendancy of the "unexpected" is the phenomenal success which has attended "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the sales of which were 50,000 copies in the month of December. The Century Company will shortly issue "Lovey Mary" by the same author. The success of the former book has not been due to any excessive advertising on the part of the publishers, but to the heart interest which the book possessed for its early readers resulting in that endless chain of endorsement, which is the best advertisement a book—or anything else—can have.

IN November Mrs. Burnham's Christian Science novel, "The Right Princess," appeared as the herald of a new line of fiction, based on Christian Science principles; that this first-born of the series, which is, more or less, a proselytizing tract, is likely to prove but one of a large and continuous family would seem to go without saying, since we are already promised another, from an anonymous pen, "The Life Within," to be published by the Lothrop Publishing Co., which will possess a fictional *raison d'être* apart from any specialized mission the novel may be intended to fulfil.

SINCE it is not by experience that Gouverneur Morris, whose portrait we publish on page 326, has obtained perception of the smoke of battle and the spirit of the fray, we may infer that sub-consciousness, inherited from forefathers whose lives were passed in strong endeavor amid stirring scenes, affords him some of that necessary insight which is resultant of such vivid description as is to be found in his latest novel, "Aladdin O'Brien," reviewed in our December issue.

In Theodore Roosevelt's history of the elder Morris, "As American States-

man," it is stated that Taine made his writings a basis for much of his own work on the Revolution, and ranks him a shrewder observer and recorder of his contemporaries and of events than any other statesman of his times. That "The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris," edited by Anne Cary Morris, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is now out of print, and that all the memoirs of this most brilliant of all the founders of the Constitution, have been received with equal enthusiasm, proves the vital interest still linked with his memory.

This youngest scion of a landed aristocracy, though conservative by environment, has inherited the vivacity and humor bequeathed to him through the strain of French blood on the maternal ancestral side.

The earliest of his literary efforts, which has been through three editions, was a collegiate effusion called "A Bunch of Grapes," the sales of which afforded him and his artist collaborator a shooting trip South.

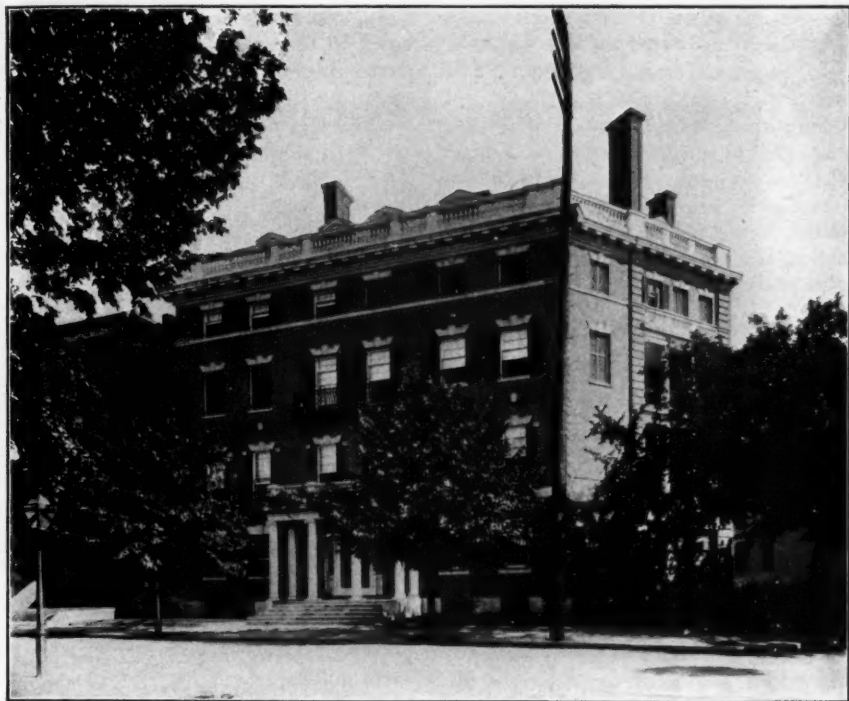
This is a humorous versification of college themes and incidents grotesquely illustrated and contained within fourteen pages, the style of which may be gleaned from the following extract:

A SONG

To Cloris, Chloe, Amaryllis and
Hamamyllis

A gnarled Pine upon the Shore
Looks forth to the Forevermore
So Miss Co-ed, long lank serene,
Looks back to the Long-since-has-been.
If all God's Creatures could be fed
The first I'd feed would be Co-ed.

MR. Ernest Dressel North, so long connected with the rare book department of Charles Scribner's Sons, has just opened for himself a small store for the sale of choice, rare and curious books at 18 East 20th Street, New York.



THOMAS Nelson Page, whose residence in Washington is seen in the above reproduction, is, in every respect, a typical Southerner, with all the fine quality of nature that this implies. Throughout the last fifteen years, since abandoning his legal profession, he has been identified in fictional realm as one of the best interpreters of Southern life and conditions "after the war," that inter-period of result which could only be vitally grasped by a participant of these times. He has interspersed this line of work with the dainty juvenile productions for which he is so justly appreciated.

In Mr. Page's presence one feels that he is a true inheritor of his father, of whom he speaks, in the dedication of one of these latter works, as being "of all men the one who has exemplified truly the virtue of open-handedness."

The exterior of his dwelling is not a characterless congregation of strange forms and devices, but impresses one with a strong sense of right conditions of life within; and, as the interior reveals itself, a glance proves none of the pretentious and misguided luxury, but rather a feeling of relation, subordination and harmony. Mr. Page has gathered about him old pictures, rare art editions and, notably, an interesting collection of old weapons.

His library, which is the largest room in the house, is not distinctive as that of a professional man only, where books are buried in costly state, but an unconventional book-room, in which his personality predominates.

Mr. Page is at present engaged on a new work of fiction entitled "Gordon Keith," which will be ready for publication in March of 1903.

MR. Frederic Isham, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, and whose first book, "The Strollers," issued last season, verified the optimistic predictions of his friends and publishers (The Bowen-Merrill Company) that he would prove an undeniable accession to the literary world, has written a second work of fiction with the not over original but pleasantly suggestive title, "Under the Rose."

In "The Strollers" Mr. Isham evidenced many features that are welcome by reason of their rarity,—such as individuality and an unhackneyed theme, his style being leisurely, bright and graphic.

Mr. Isham's home is in Detroit, where he was a graduate of the high school. Then, for a year, he devoted himself to travel, settling down at the end of that migratory period to a year of student life in Munich, the old Bavarian town, which was then a centre of attraction for American artists. He was a member of the sprightly American Artists' Club—since defunct—an organization which will long remain an agreeable memory in the minds of many painters and illustrators in this country.

Bohemian London—first, that locality made up of the winding by-ways straggling about Regent's Park, and later the picturesque region of Chelsea,—became his next place of abode. For two years he attended the Royal Academy of Music, in Hanover Square, of which Sir George Macfarren was then president—not profiting greatly by his tuition there, however, being more especially concerned, as he says, in sundry inconsequential literary feats, or defeats. From the fraternal atmosphere that reigned in Carlyle Studios, set back from the King's Road, into the busy hive of newspaperdom, in the States, was an incongruous, if necessary, span, which he traversed success-

fully, and amid these new activities interest in the drama led him to become part-author in a play presented for a season by the late Mlle. Rhea, and several other pieces. Since resigning from journalism recently, Mr. Isham has devoted himself unreservedly to his work as novelist.

FRANCIS Churchill Williams, whose first novel, "J. Devlin, Boss," appeared a year ago last autumn, and created a most favorable impression on the reading public, has, for the last two years, been working on another work of fiction which will soon be issued by the Lothrop Publishing Company.

Mr. Williams is a Philadelphian, educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and now holds an editorial position with the J. B. Lippincott Company. During the last ten years he has contributed short stories and articles to "Scribner's," "Harper's Weekly," "Lippincott's" and the other magazines, his earliest literary apprenticeship having been served in journalistic work.

Down a little alley, offshoot from the straight and narrow ways of Philadelphia, there has recently been established a small but exclusive club of book-makers, called the "Franklin Inn Club," around whose literary table S. Weir Mitchell, Owen Wister, Horacé H. Furness, John Luther Long and twosome or so of other literati hold intellectual converse and ponder over book production as an art. Mr. Williams was one of the organizers of this club: which, by the way, has shown both taste and originality in the choice of format for its book of club regulations.

BERNARD G. Richards' "Conversations with Keidansky," which first appeared in the "Boston Transcript," are now being reprinted.



MR. FREDERIC ISHAM

IT is customary to laud the distinctive emotional characteristics and mannerisms of a great actor or actress as subtle stage-craft acquired through years of mechanical work and study; whereas, more often than we realize, these very features are but the strong personalities of the individual, retained despite mechanism and shining through the husk of acquired art,—stamp them preëminent in their profession.

There's a picturesque chapter in "The Land of the Latins," devoted to the theatres of Italy, which goes far to bear out this statement in the case of Eleanora Dusé. At Turin it is, in the old Teatro Carignano, that we see the childish, shadowy little figure, recalled between the acts, creeping out from the subterranean recesses of Venetian terrace. Unfamed, and untrained, as yet, we still recognize in the author's portrayal the same touches of nature which have so much endeared her to her public and which we have identified as belonging to her stage individuality.

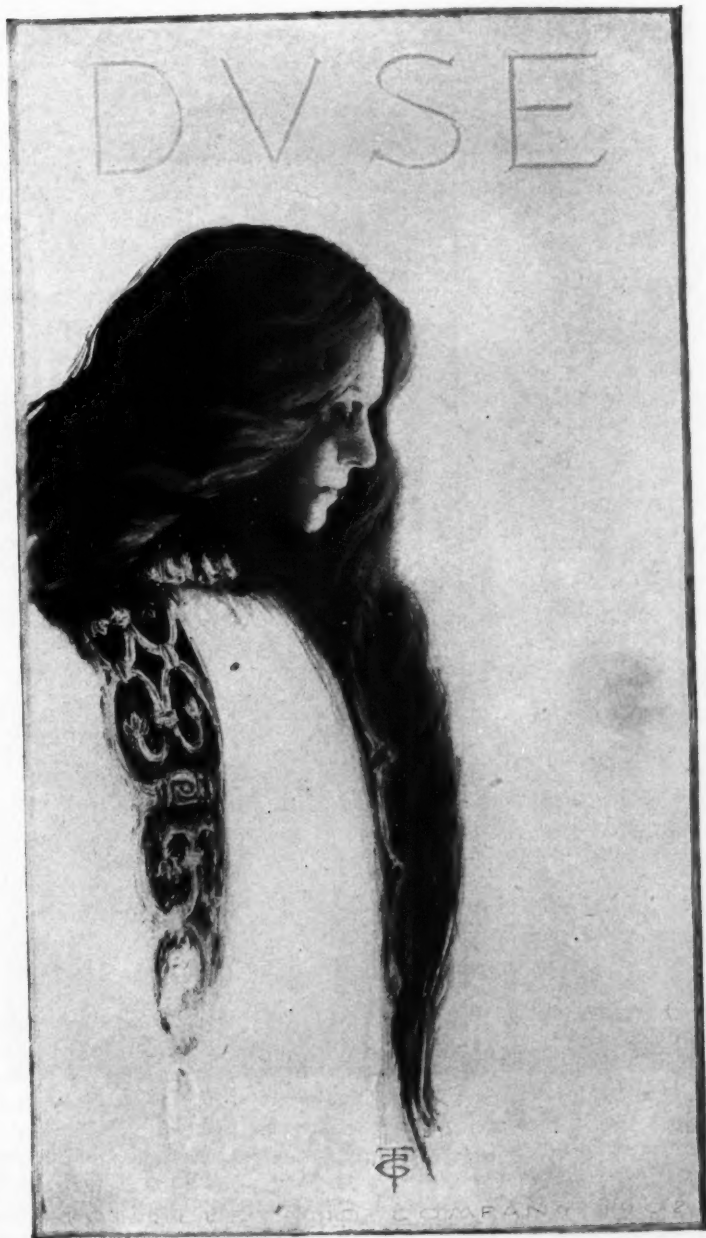
"If the applause continued persistent—the slight and frail-looking figure would come into view. A few sad steps would be taken with a melancholy smile before the footlights, and the sorrowful figure would disappear through the other door. There were none of the grimaces by which the 'artist' in general seeks to compensate the audience for its approbation. The unity of the rôle was never once broken. The note of tragedy was consistently maintained. . . . As to the acting of the heroine, the distinctive quality in it which impressed us at that time, and which has reimpressed us on every occasion since, was its poignant naturalism. She seemed to be not so much putting on agony as actually suffering. . . . The avoidance of 'gestures,' in the technical sense, was one of the incidents which contributed very much to this general effect.

Eleanora Dusé does with her hands what a natural woman does. She smoothes out the folds of her dress. She arranges her hair. She does a thousand things which are feminine, which are human, which are natural."

It is said that when "Francesca da Rimini" was produced at Rome during the winter of 1901-1902, the expense of the sumptuous *mise-en-scène* was paid by herself, and the accessories of the period were carefully studied from authentic originals with more than ordinary regard for historic accuracy; and despite the regrettable subordination of her own judgment to that of the author of the play, the esteem in which she is held in Italy was not lessened thereby.

There is a fine differential point, born rather of life-environments than birth, perhaps, between Dusé and Bernhardt which seems not to have been commented upon: that in any character demanding an assumption of pure aristocracy,—the woman to the manner born,—Dusé lacks just that shade which forms the wall between true caste and that which apes it. As the courtesan, or the professional favorite of the stage, or hour, none will better portray the rôle than Dusé. But Bernhardt, with her first step on the stage, and every pose and turn that follows, bespeaks the patrician that the rôle calls for—or the woman of caprice, equally. In versatility of stage-art, therefore, Bernhardt undeniably outranks Dusé.

The portrait of Dusé, which is here reproduced, was taken from the life-size pastelle by Mr. Thomas Tryon, the prominent architect, artist and book-plate designer of New York, whose Norse memorial monument is accounted one of the most picturesque architectural achievements in that line. His book-plate designs have just been added to the largest collection of this kind in Germany.





MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Georg Brandes

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

THE second year of the new century celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Denmark will honor the Bard of Avon by erecting his statue on the terrace opposite Kronborg Castle. But as lasting a monument as can be cast in bronze are the Shakespearean studies Professor Georg Brandes quite recently gave to the world. This work is the tribute of a scholar who thus acknowledges his literary indebtedness. The influence of Shakespeare on succeeding generations; his mastery of expression, his tremendous energy, these are qualities emphasized by the Danish critic in a manner that proves him a commentator as fit as any that went before. Assuredly he has furnished the best psychological study of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

The most striking characteristics of Georg Brandes are his versatility and thoroughness. This Danish *littérateur* is equally at home among the ancient documents of the Talmud, the folk-lore of Scandinavia, the modern schools of poetry and painting and the political science of the nations. Possessed of remarkable linguistic power, he is able not only to read and write but to lecture in any of the modern languages. Whether it be French, German, or English, there is scarcely the trace of an accent when Professor Brandes addresses his audience in the vernacular of the country.

In common with other men of genius,

in the case of Georg Brandes success did not arrive the moment it was deserved. Official conservatism would have nothing to do with those who in the sixties dared to treat of science in its relation to religion. His "Dualism in Our Most Recent Philosophy" struck counter to the established formula. True, at the age of twenty, he won the gold medal of the Copenhagen University for his masterful essay on "Fatalism Among the Ancients"; but while it was currently believed that he would succeed to the chair of Aesthetics the staid faculty was not just then looking for literary innovations. Another, not as capable, proved more acceptable. It is interesting to remember that the series of trial lectures that were to decide his eligibility to the chair of Aesthetics are part of Georg Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."

Those who have followed the political history of Denmark during the past ten years or more see in the victory of the Liberal party in 1901 the complete vindication of Georg Brandes and his doctrines. Whether during his voluntary exile abroad, or while he fought the ultra-conservatives at home, in all he did and said he never deserted the standard he unfurled at the age of twenty-one. When in 1882 he returned to Denmark at the earnest solicitations of his friends a queer sensation must have come to those who had opposed Georg Brandes in the earlier days. His

home-coming was like that of some conqueror of old. The charge of heresy held good no longer. An annual income for ten years was guaranteed him with the sole stipulation that he deliver a series of public lectures on literature.

Twenty memorable years have since passed. The faculty of the Copenhagen University recognized its mistake and suitable restitution has been made Professor Brandes. To-day the assembly room of the great institution is thronged to the doors when the eminent critic arises to deliver one of those inimitable lectures that have made him famous.

Georg Brandes was born in Copenhagen in 1842. After graduating from the university he spent a number of years travelling abroad. During this period he met many of those great literary personalities whom he has sketched with such fidelity and candor.

From 1872 to 1877 Georg Brandes produced some of those wonderfully clever vignettes that aided in establishing his literary fame. From the standpoint of productiveness, alone, his achievements entitle him to recognition. Take the series that began with the "Emigrant Literature"; that included "The Romantic School in Germany," and "The Reaction in France," and reached its climax in "The Romantic School in France." There is about it all a never-failing perspicuity; an assurance that bespeaks the literary craftsman and investigator.

In "Byron and His Group" Georg Brandes displays his knowledge of psychological peculiarities. His picture of Shelley is a creation as fine as any wrought by English pen and brain. The Danish language is here made to glow with the color of a southern tongue.

During his stay in Germany Georg Brandes contributed much to the leading periodicals of the country. The

German men of letters were amazed to find that this writer of the North could use their own language as if it were indeed his mother tongue. Not only was there fluency, but there was, also, grace of expression. In Germany he wrote his sketches of Disraeli, Esaias Tegner, Lassalle, and Ludwig Holberg. Not merely biographical, the critic allots to each the distinction that is his; reserving to himself the right to deal unsparingly according to his judgment.

Opinions may differ as to the merits of Henrik Ibsen. Some deny him the right to assume the rôle of universal moralist. Few dispute that he has great dramatic power. Whatever arguments will stand the test of time it is certain that Georg Brandes' "Henrik Ibsen" is the best criticism to be had anent the Norwegian playwright. Nothing that the Danish critic has produced has more perfect skill than this series of essays. There stands Nora of "The Doll's House," and "Ghosts" show their grinning skulls, and "Peer Gynt" marches up and down the world, and all the Ibsen characters pass in review while Georg Brandes holds up the canvas.

And then the companion piece, "Björnsterne Björnson." Here it is the optimist who sees the future bright with the promise of better things. Where strong men and women live and labor for another day, the past or present is of but little consequence, says Björnsterne Björnson. And Brandes makes even more poignant that which the Norwegian novelist says so well.

Antitheistic to a degree, these essays should be read one after the other to fully understand the importance of Ibsen and Björnson to their countrymen.

In 1887 Georg Brandes accepted an invitation from the Society of Russian Authors to go to St. Petersburg and deliver before that body a course of lectures in French. To the Muscovite

the series proved a revelation. His lucid exposition of the literature of France showed him a past master in the art of delineation. His delivery was as faultless as if Paris instead of Copenhagen were his birthplace.

"Impressions of Russia," published after his visit to the Czar's domain, showed that he had informed himself well while among the Russians. The aspiration of the student, the peasant life, the ways of the great and little, occupied Georg Brandes during his sojourn.

But where Russia appeals to him as the land of futurity, the book he wrote later on Poland strikes a far different chord. The Polish sketches show everything in retrospect. "Impressions of Poland" is like some reverberating requiem; the last sad honors where only the past is great with historic happenings.

Next it is the land of Shakespeare that draws him on. That his quest proved successful is attested by the fact that every critical journal in England and the United States pronounced his Shakespearean studies the most valuable addition to Shakespeareana of recent times. Professor Brandes brings to the fore the phases decidedly human, where many other commentators make

of Shakespeare merely the poet and seer.

During the past summer the Danish newspaper "Politiken," of Copenhagen, contained each Monday an article under a caption which, in its translated shape, may be termed "Forms and Thoughts." Here Georg Brandes is once more at his very best. He takes up Gabriele d'Annunzio, for instance; dissects his characters, and shows the author to be his own hero. For this hero d'Annunzio has only tender regard, as for himself. Then Léon Daudet's "The Black Star." Here nothing whatever of the author; disgust and hatred, only, for the chief character of the novel. The range of subjects is as wide as is the versatility of Georg Brandes.

The popularity of Professor Brandes in Denmark can be accurately gauged through the eagerness with which the reading public awaited the publication of these Monday sketches. When gathered in book form they will prove not the least interesting and important of the works the great Danish critic has produced. Since all his other books have found their way into English it is to be hoped that "Forms and Thoughts" will find a translator capable of the task.

Doubt

BY HENRY PEABODY

THE Book of Life lay open on his knee;
With head bent low he scanned each mystic page.
"Tell me," he asked of Youth, who stood beside,
"Does learning come with infancy or age?"

Ballade of the Bookman's Paradise

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

A LITTLE stand without the door
Whereon scant treasure is arrayed,
Yet just enough to tempt explore
The inner depths of dust and shade;
Enter; how glade on bookish glade
Parts right and left to peering eyes,
Proclaiming both to man and maid—
This is the bookman's paradise!

There is a shelf of ancient lore,
Black-lettered pages overlaid
With umber mottles, score on score;
There is an alcove filled with frayed
Tall folios standing stiff and staid,
Like knights of mediæval guise;
Open, and *why* 'tis straight displayed—
This is the bookman's paradise.

Delve deep, and with what golden ore—
What riches will your hands be weighed!
Each corner owns its precious store,—
Poets from Homer down to Praed,
Philosophers, and those that trade
In tales that scoffers label "lies";—
The few whose fame shall never fade;—
This *is* the bookman's paradise.

ENVOY

Collectors, of each grain and grade,
When ye shall come to "price" a prize,
Although ye may be sore dismayed,
This is the bookman's paradise!

"The Desolation of Hoffmann"

BY CHARLES VALE

TWO young men sat in armchairs in a little room in a small house at Putney. Had any one observed the dismal appearance of the house from the outside, and reasoned from externals to internals, he would no doubt have expected that the rooms inside would exhibit the same uninviting qualities; and with regard to the majority of them, he would have judged correctly. But the one room to which I am referring was an exception. It looked bright, and even cheerful. It was not luxuriously furnished, but there was no jarring of colors, no blatant obtrusion of impossible pictures; nothing, in fact, which could reveal incipient or developed vulgarity. The arrangements had evidently been made as tastefully as a meagre purse permitted. One of the young men was also very tastefully arranged, but it was Nature's good taste, not his own, which had made of him a thing pleasant to regard. For his clothes, in the choice of which he may fairly be supposed to have exercised his heritage of free-will, could be considered nothing less than dubious by the impartial observer. What they had once been, what mysteries of grace, finish and style had been inherent in them, himself, his tailor and his God alone knew. Those who cannot be included in the trinity—though most men are supposed to be garbed in the habiliments of the latter two—would have remarked

only that they were loose, that certain of them were baggy, that all of them could justly lay claim to the epithet "well-worn." But enough of impersonal description. Let us disregard the mere clothes, and pay attention to the man, and the actions of the man.

In his mouth was a pipe, but in the pipe was no tobacco—and such omission, whether due to woful paucity of funds, or to sheer absent-mindedness, was regrettable. In his hand was a match, which he had just struck, and which he applied to the bowl of the pipe, drawing in his breath with the air of keen anticipation which a smoker often unconsciously assumes. Discovering his error, he blew out the light. "What a beastly sensation!" he said, thoughtfully. "Wouldn't have thought I could have been such an ass." He took out his pouch, filled the pipe, and prepared to light it. But alas! there was a dearth of matches. "Oh! it's sickening," he said, petulantly. Then he smiled. "You and I are very like each other," he said, apostrophizing the pipe. "We are both ready to glow; but there is something lacking. For you, a common match; for me, an opening." He got up. "An opening," he repeated. "Yes—or a match also." His mouth twitched involuntarily.

"I have a match," said the second man placidly, holding out a box.

"Thanks," said the first. He lit his

pipe, and resumed: "Jove! It seems strange to think of all the energy I have put into my work during the past year, and all the cleverness—hang it! I am not dense—and then to count up the results. Here, nothing: there, nothing: everywhere, nothing—but rejection, rejection, rejection. I am sick of 'Returned with thanks,' and 'Declined with thanks,' and 'The editor regrets that want of space, etc.' Other people have things accepted. Why cannot I? I have tried to learn and to pick up hints. I have read, compared and noticed this, that and the other. I have been a critic of my own work and every one's else. I have turned out good stuff, bad stuff and indifferent stuff—anything to suit the market. And nobody will have anything to do with any of it. If they want good stuff," he went on, after a pause, "why don't they take the things I have sent them? They are good enough. If they want slush, as so many journals seem to, why don't they take mine? I have turned out stuff slushy enough to meet the requirements of the most fastidious 'Chat Papers' and 'Home Novelette' things. But they won't take it; they won't even pretend to dream of taking it. Why? What mark is on all my work that they shun it as they would the plague? It is perfectly incomprehensible to me."

He walked uneasily up and down the room while his friend looked at him and smiled. "It's hard lines, old man, I know," he said pleasantly. "But you are not the only one. 'Strait is the way and narrow the gate,' you know. The observation is trite, I grant you; but it is pertinent. Think of the thousands who are trying to force their way into your profession, which is notoriously overcrowded. They meet with disappointment after disappointment, but they keep on pegging away, if they are worth anything, and are really determined to succeed."

"I have pegged away for a year. Isn't that enough?"

"Try five years, my child. Then, if you get no results, you can begin to think of something else."

"Don't drivel; I cannot stand it just now. Why don't you sympathize with me, eh? I want sympathy. Hang it all, Merritt, I feel like a girl sometimes, ready to cry out for some one to come along and put a hand on my shoulder, and—and all that blatant sort of rot. I think you scarcely realize, old man, what this year has been to me. I came to town to make the one great effort of my life. Heaven knows how I pinched, and screwed, and saved, in a thousand mean and petty ways to be able to get here. I had no doubt as to the final result. I expected rebuffs and disappointments. I did not imagine that I should float straightway into the literary firmament as a brilliant, silvery planet, and remain there emitting dazzling radiance. Yet I did think I should have something to show at the end of my year's striving; that I should have formed a tiny connection which would just manage to keep me going while I made fresh efforts to advance a little further and a little further, slowly but surely. I never dreamed of complete failure; blank, absolute, naked failure like this. Oh, Merritt, man, it is more than mere disappointment to me. It is death—death to all my hopes, and the hopes of all those who are thinking of me, waiting, hoping, trusting in the star I used to babble about. My Star! Good God!"

"Don't be stupid, Rae. You are becoming ridiculously morbid. Failure! There is no such thing as absolute failure. If your funds are giving out, why not try to find a berth of some sort which will bring you in a little, and then keep up your literary work at night?"

"I have thought of that. But if I fail when the whole of my time is at my

disposal, can I hope to do better when working only in odd hours? And besides, I cannot bear the idea of going back to clerical work, to sit on a high stool, and again go through the dreary round of office routine. The atmosphere stifles me. If I return to it, it will contract about me, and kill every vestige of effort and ambition. I should never be capable of making another attempt to break away. The thought is horrible!"

"And you are almost hysterical. Look here, Rae, do you want a bit of honest criticism? Do you want to know why you have so far been unsuccessful? I think I can tell you. The secret is not difficult to discover. You have simply tried to be too brilliant, and inexperienced brilliancy often creates a false impression. You have never tried to turn out honest, plain, sellable copy; not strained or unnatural, yet not mediocre work, but good, sound copy, written in unaffected style. I know you think you have tried all methods, but you are probably mistaken. When you saw that your ambitious work was refused, you sent out what you yourself have called slush. Well, I will wager a fair amount that it was very slushy indeed—that you went to the extreme point of utterly despising your public. But you have the right stuff in you, I am sure, so don't give in and whine. Peg away—somehow."

Rae stood for a moment in thought, then turned, walked to one end of the chamber, and opened a large drawer. "Come here a moment," he called out; and then, when the other had joined him, "There they are," he said, quietly. "Good, bad and indifferent. They have all been submitted and have all been returned. You think I have not tried, and tried thoroughly. Do you mind reading a few? Then I shall feel satisfied. But sit down, and light your pipe." Pulling out the drawer,

he emptied the contents on the table. "Help yourself," he said, smiling. Then he sat down quietly, and waited.

An hour passed while Merritt drew manuscripts at random from the pile, and perused them, at first rapidly, but afterwards slowly, and with careful attention. The unmistakable air of the unprofessional critic which he had at first assumed gradually vanished as he became palpably interested. "Had enough?" inquired Rae, looking at his watch. "Not yet," said Merritt; and he went on with his task until another hour had almost passed, when he gently replaced the manuscript which he had just finished, and leaned back in his chair.

"Well?" queried the unfortunate scribbler.

"I'm sorry, Rae," said Merritt. "I was mistaken. I cannot at all understand it."

Rae turned to him with a flushed face. "What do you mean?"

"I had the impudence," replied the other, slowly, "to talk to you about despising your public. I imagined your versatile cleverness had misled you, but there is no trace of cleverness in these things. It is genius; sheer, undeniable genius that they are stamped with. Man, I had no conception of anything like this."

"You are kind," said Rae, stolidly. "But why have my things been rejected?"

"That is one of the mysteries," said Merritt. His eyes shone; his hand trembled. He was evidently deeply moved.

The two sat for a while, talking; then Merritt prepared to leave. "I must see if I cannot do something," he said. "You ought to meet a few people who have influence in the literary world—editors, and so on. Your stories cannot have been read: yet that seems almost impossible. I thought everything was considered. Editors

and publishers cannot afford to miss a new man. Besides, I understand they take a sort of pride in the discovery or exploiting of a really 'class' man."

"I am not acquainted with any editors or publishers," said Rae. "They strangely neglect to pursue me in the orthodox way with pressing offers of contracts which will bring in fabulous wealth."

"I think I can manage to introduce you to a few people worth knowing, and, by the way, I should like to take two or three of your manuscripts with me. May I?" He began to search through the pile. "I must have 'The Desolation of Hoffmann,' any way. If any editor who has read it can refuse it, he must be unique."

"How can you bring it about?" Rae asked, willing to be encouraged.

"My aunt," said Merritt, laconically.

When he left, he carried with him four manuscripts, all short stories, including "The Desolation of Hoffmann," with which he was particularly impressed.

He spent the next week in an earnest attempt to further his friend's interests. He knew one man who was on familiar terms with several of the magazine magnates, and by exercising his ingenuity, contrived to meet these influential people at various little reunions, after which he invited them unblushingly to his aunt's. As he had anticipated, she proved the most useful of his allies. She was the wife of George Wendell, the well-known dramatic critic, and the centre of a small coterie which assembled each Sunday at her house. They were old friends of herself and her husband, many of them having received help and encouragement in early days from one or the other. Most of them were old Oxford men, like Wendell himself. Occasional strangers dropped in, lending a touch of

fresh interest to these gatherings, but it was only at rare intervals that a new man joined them permanently, and became one of their informal brotherhood. Merritt interested Mrs. Wendell in Rae by bringing him to call on her. Afterward he experienced no difficulty in obtaining from her a promise to use her influence unobtrusively in his behalf. "Oh, yes, I will certainly do what I can for your friend," she said. "I like him very much, Ernest. In fact, he really impresses me. I don't quite know why," she added, meditatively. "He seems to have a very magnetic nature, and to gain one's sympathies imperiously. He certainly gave me an idea that he is by no means a man of an ordinary type. Bring him here Sunday."

"Yes, he has a very magnetic nature," she repeated to herself when her nephew had gone. "He is unusually attractive. Yet it isn't his face alone. That is very pleasing, but it isn't all. I wonder what is the secret of his charm?"

Sunday came. Merritt and Rae took their way to Mrs. Wendell's house. The former really anticipated more than the latter from this visit. Rae looked upon it as an opportunity for making the acquaintance of several pleasant people, but could not persuade himself that he was likely to receive any material help from them. "These men will not accept my articles any more readily because they happen to have met me once," he said. Merritt laughed, remembering the details of a small plot which he had concocted with his aunt. "Influence isn't everything, of course," he said, cheerfully. "But it is something—perhaps more than you think. Anyhow, if your work is good, you stand a better chance of getting on if the people who can use it are your friends."

Rae found the evening a pleasant one. There was music, instrumental

and vocal, forming an entertaining feature to which he himself contributed acceptably with a song. There was conversation, real conversation, easy, fluent, natural, brilliant at times, but in no way stilted or affected. Rae had expected allusions to people and subjects which would serve only to reveal his ignorance. To his surprise and pleasure, there were few turns in the conversation which he was unable to follow, and he upheld his own modest share quite successfully; so, though he was unaware of the fact, he created a distinctly unusual impression. Men looked at him with interest, listened to him attentively, spoke of him when he was apart from them. It was somewhat strange. When he sang, they applauded him with marked earnestness. Merritt, who was watching with the anxiety of a warm-hearted friend, was overjoyed.

"This will be a jolly good send-off for him," he thought. Then his little plot revealed itself. He whispered to his aunt, who nodded. "Mr. Rae," she said, "we are in the humor to be appreciative. Will you read something to us—please?"

Rae was confused, but not overwhelmed. "Why do you choose me?" he asked dolefully. "I cannot charm you with elocutionary marvels. And, besides, what can I read?"

"Oh, something of your own," said Mrs. Wendell, promptly.

Here was a chance for escape, and he smiled as he hastened to avail himself of the chance. "I should be delighted," he said, nervously, "but fortunately, I, of course, have nothing with me."

There was a general laugh. Then Merritt spoke: "Read this," he said, pleasantly. "Luckily, I had it in my pocket. It is your story, 'The Desolation of Hoffmann.'"

Rae groaned inwardly as he took the proffered manuscript. There was no

hope of dignified evasion. Things which are inevitable cannot be escaped, however disagreeable they may be, so he resigned himself to the task, and commenced reading. As he proceeded, gaining confidence with each sentence, rendering his sketch in a clear, musical voice, the result was strange: people in the room listened, not with mere politeness, but with the attention of absolute fascination. They looked at him, then at one another, in amazement. Men leaned forward in various attitudes, that they might not miss a word. They were as though under a spell. Mrs. Wendell and the other ladies in the room were affected similarly. It seemed almost inexplicable.

The story finished; there was silence for a moment. Then the editor of the "Carlton Magazine" rose impulsively. "I must have that," he said, excitedly. "Name your own terms, Mr. Rae, but I must have it." There was an outburst of dissent from the other three editors in the room. Then there followed a simultaneous laugh. The position certainly had its ludicrous side. At this point, Mrs. Wendell adroitly interposed, suggesting an adjournment to the garden "for the purpose of catching colds," and the evening was finished under the stars, exchanging nonsense-verses and mock-heroics. But the editor of the "Carlton" secured "The Desolation of Hoffmann" before leaving, and the other editors extorted promises for the immediate delivery of copy.

Early on the following morning he despatched the promised stories, then again went to work with those inexpressible emotions which success alone confers. "It will be a strange sensation to correct my first proofs," he thought. "I wonder when they will come?" Could he have transferred himself by instantaneous propulsion to the offices of the "Carlton" that noon he would no doubt have been edified. The

editor carefully placed under a paper-weight a manuscript which he had just read, and touched his bell. A boy appeared. "Proof of 'The Desolation of Hoffmann,'" said the editor. In two minutes it was brought to him. "Thank Heaven I secured this," he said meditatively. "What a find! Gad, what a find!" He adjusted his pince-nez and prepared to glance through the proof. As he read, his lips gradually curved together and a curious expression settled on his face. Eventually he leaned back, plucking nervously at his moustache. "This is very strange," he murmured. He rang his bell. "Mr. Tarler." His assistant appeared. "Just read this, will you?" said the editor. A quarter of an hour elapsed.

"Well?"

"Rot," said Tarler, decisively.

"So I thought," said the editor. "But it's odd; very odd. All right."

A week later Rae received four separate manuscripts, with brief notes to the effect that "The editor regrets that on consideration the contribution scarcely appears suited to the particular requirements of his Magazine." He was amazed, indignant, yet almost frightened. In the evening he went round to Merritt to discuss the peculiar development of affairs, but found him strangely silent as he proceeded. He exhibited no surprise. At last he began, lamely:

"I say, old man—you know——"

"Well?"

"I don't understand it, but there is something strange about your manuscripts. You remember I took four of them away with me the other week?"

"Well?"

"I read them through again two days ago, and somehow they appeared quite different. When I was at your place they simply took me by storm. When I re-read them . . ."

"Well?"

"Oh, hang it, there was something lacking. The stories were not the same at all. I am sorry to say it, old man, but they seemed futile, without force, and, if the truth must be told, badly constructed, and carelessly written. I could see no point in them."

Rae rose excitedly. "It's deuced queer," he said. "It isn't you alone. It is all the others, and they ought to know." The shadow of tears lay on his eyes.

"Yes, there is something very queer about it," Merritt assented. "There is no doubt we were all struck by them at first. We were overwhelmed. No other word is sufficient. And now—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I rather think," he went on after a pause, "that I have a dim clue to the mystery. I put it down somehow to personal magnetism."

"Magnetism?"

"Yes. When you are with us, you seem to impress us very powerfully with your own personality in some strange manner. You inject yourself into us. We are impregnated with your thoughts, your feelings, your emotions. We hear or read what you have written, but we also hear or read something else, the something which you meant to put into your tales, and which they actually contain for you. We get the impression of the perfect dream, the complete conception. When you are away, and your influence is removed, we see only the imperfect execution. That is my theory. I don't know what it is worth."

"It seems probable," said Rae.

"Yes, it seems very probable. I think I understand now. Well," turning abruptly, "good-by, old man."

"Won't you take these with you?" called Merritt, nervously, fetching the manuscripts.

"I shall not need them," said Rae, and passed unsteadily out into the crowded streets.

Thomas Nelson Page: An Interview

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

NO writer of the present day, with the exception of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, has been so closely and uninterruptedly identified with the South as the author of "Marse Chan" and "Red Rock." Moreover, in virtue of the broader basis of his work, Mr. Page has reflected the manifold phases of the people's life in a manner not possible to a specialist in the field of fiction. Hence he has gained the right to speak with presumptive authority on the question of Southern literature.

"How do the people of the South feel about the works of modern fiction in which their life and manners are depicted?" was asked, in the endeavor to give direction to a colloquy whose subject-matter, incongruously enough, had been life in general, æsthetics and New York, and whose goal had been that of all pleasant conversations—mutual and egoistic delectation.

"Southerners are, I think, proud of the work of their writers," was the reply; "and what is more to the point, they are growing able to buy the books and read them. Even now, however, the reading class in the South is comparatively small. But it is constantly increasing with the growth of education and the consequent spread of library facilities. So long as effort is necessary to secure books, there can be no widespread reading habit. But when the habit has once been formed, it is not likely to be interrupted. The

South will be a great field in the future."

"Doubtless, Mr. Page, the growth of literature in the South, as in other parts of the country, is due to the increase of wealth and the consequent gain in leisure."

"Well, I am not so sure that leisure is always conducive to the development of literary talent. Had it not been for the need of money, Goldsmith would hardly have written 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and the same may be said in regard to Dr. Johnson and 'Rasselas,' not to mention many other more modern instances. Necessity is a great spur to production. Most of the English novelists were poor, as were also our own writers. Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, were not men of leisure; neither are Chandler Harris, James Lane Allen, and most of the others who have written in the South. In fact, the literature which sprang up in the South fifteen or twenty years ago came not from leisure but toil. It is the busy man who accomplishes things."

"That is true; but, nevertheless, without a certain leisure class in the community and a taste for æsthetic pursuits, nothing is more unlikely than the appearance of a body of writers, or even of one important writer."

"In that sense," replied Mr. Page, "leisure may be said to be a condition precedent to the appearance of a representative literature. And, in a degree, this condition has now been fulfilled in

the South. It has presented a great field. A civilization somewhat distinctive had been overthrown, and the field was virgin. For this literary renaissance credit is to be given to the great popular magazines, which have offered Southern writers the opportunity for a hearing; for without such opportunity, of course, no one is likely to persist in producing."

"What do you think of magazine literature?"

"I ought to think very highly of it. But I think the magazines suffer under the drawback of being edited mainly with an eye to the New York public. The editors do not sufficiently take into account the great body of diverse readers throughout the country. As a matter of fact, in some respects New York is extremely provincial, by no means characteristic of America. Everything centres around Fifth Avenue, and the goal of the ambition of the *nouveaux riches* is to crowd into that narrow line, and thereby, so to speak, to get into the swim. Hence, New York cannot pretend to reflect the taste of the country at large. But to return to the question of Southern literature. It seems to me that many of the older writers of my section, aside from the fact that their chief work has probably been done, have lost, in a measure, that intensity of familiarity which can continue only through residence among the scenes of which one writes. Moreover, I do not quite see what writers are coming forward to take their places, do you?"

"To name them," I replied, "would be difficult; but, on the other hand, the existence of a constantly increasing class of writers is a most encouraging sign, even though no individual rises into eminence. It indicates a widespread literary activity which can hardly fail, sooner or later, to produce a noteworthy harvest."

"I am not so sure," replied Mr.

Page. "But a favorable symptom, if one may so speak, is the advent of Southern writers in other fields than that of fiction; as witnessed by the admirable work of Woodrow Wilson in history, others in bird-lore, Walter Page in socialistic studies, to name only a few of those who might be cited."

"Are the people of your section of Virginia generally aware, Mr. Page, that you are a writer? When in Gloucester I was astonished to find that the very men about whom Kipling had written had not even heard of 'Captains Courageous.'"

"Of course, that is always so among the plain people. But the people among whom I have been brought up are pretty well aware of the fact that I write. But in the main, of course, this knowledge is merely the outcome of the interest they feel in me personally. An incident occurred some time ago in regard to an open letter which I had written and in which I spoke of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which had been brought into interest again. Some one attacked me for my views. 'I'd like to get hold of that book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," you've been writin' on the Civil War,' said an old farmer, in speaking of the subject to me. Of course, what interested him were my views on the question of the negroes."

"What opinion did you express on Mrs. Stowe's book?"

"The criticism I made of it was that it did not present the whole picture and that Uncle Tom, as drawn, was not a negro but a gentleman of refined taste. Another incident I might cite occurred in connection with a lecture I gave in my former neighborhood after my visit to Egypt. I selected the subject as I knew it would be of unusual interest to my hearers from their knowledge of the Old Testament. 'Well, Mr. Page,' afterwards said one of those who had listened most attentively, 'we are very proud that a boy raised in

this neighborhood should have ventured so far away from home.' 'Yes, and what's more,' added another farmer, 'had any one from another part of the country told us all the wonderful things you have, we might not believe him; but of course when it's told us by a Hanover boy we know every word must be true.' I may say," added Mr. Page, "that Egypt was as strange to me as to my friend Laurie."

"What, in your opinion, Mr. Page, is the course that American literature will take in the next period of its development?"

"Ah! 'Don't you never prophesy unless you know,'" he quoted in answer. "But as far as I can see, there is sure to be a reaction against the so-called Historical novel. It is idle to say that the people are tired of it, for just as soon as they are they will cease to buy such books, and writers will turn their attention to other subjects. Undoubtedly, however, this class of books accomplished one good result, that, namely, of directing people's attention to the past of America and thereby awakening patriotism, as expressed in the formation of various societies, such as Daughters of the Revolution. But the literary movement along these lines seems to me to have almost run its course. There is hardly an historical character of any prominence whatever who has not been presented and represented in literature, in portraiture and travesty—mainly the last. The so-called Historical novels bear about the same relation to a real Historical novel that I fancy the modern Court plays on our stage bear to the real thing. As a matter of fact, it is a very hazardous undertaking to introduce real characters in fiction. And when it comes to depicting the life and manners of other countries in such manner the difficulty becomes insurmountable. Suppose you or I should attempt to write a novel of the English court of Richard I.'s time

or of that of Elizabeth, the inevitable result would be to pilfer wholesale from Sir Walter Scott. Yet England is a country with whose history and sentiment we are more or less familiar. In the case of France, for example, the problem is even more hopeless. What do we know about the subtle differences which to the Frenchman distinguish the natives of Brittany from those of the Midi? Of course, we can enumerate certain salient points in which they differ, such as strike every traveller through the country, but beyond that we can hardly go. Just think how hopelessly a foreigner would confuse the characteristics of Northerners and Southerners, New Englanders and Westerners, in this country were he to attempt to present us in fiction. So when we give a picture of France in the Middle Ages, about the best we can do is to give a rehash of Dumas. What Americans will in time come to, it seems to me, is an attempt in literature to present a serious study of life as it really is about us, and not as some one with very little knowledge imagines it may have been in past ages and foreign countries. The great evil of the Historical novel is that any one with a certain amount of invention can sketch on paper the scenario of a satisfactory plot, about which to mass incident and adventure, irrespective of possibility and vraisemblance, and such a book stands a better chance to win fame and wealth for the author than the most serious and faithful study of contemporary life and manners. Such a state of affairs cannot help being prejudicial to the development of literature. It is the fashion now to write novels, and it appears to be thought that any one can do it. As a result, we can hardly pick up a paper without finding the advertisement of a new genius and 'the greatest novel of the day.'"

"As to the reaction against the romantic novel, Mr. Page, I agree with

you; but I confess I do not see how we are to produce a literature which will reflect contemporary life so long as we cherish the present standards that preclude the telling of the truth about the great basic facts of life. For instance, how could one make a study of the fashionable New York set without including much matter for which the public would not stand?"

"The best way to treat such a subject as that," was the reply, "is by ridicule, not by taking such people seriously. Moreover, even in English literature the great questions and tragedies of life have been treated in a perfectly frank manner; as, for instance, in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'Adam Bede' and 'The Scarlet Letter.' But that was done by genius,

and genius can accomplish anything. The whole matter resolves itself into one of method: in what manner are those questions to be discussed? My own idea of literature is that it should entertain, of course, but that it should likewise elevate. Therefore, nothing is proper to literature that does not meet these two requirements. And as a corollary to this, no one has any business to deal with delicate questions in fiction who is not sufficiently master of English to convey his meaning in an inoffensive manner. One of the virtues of our literature is that it has always been clean. It is a tribute to our people. Certainly we do not want a French, or worse, a Frenchy literature in this country, although we may desire to give a picture true to life."

My Lady's Library

BY JAMES ARNOLD

[T is the pleasantest of nooks,
This dainty boudoir filled with books,

Which Mildred sometimes calls her "den,"
And where I'm happiest of men;

For there's a corner kept for me,
Where Mildred sometimes serves me tea.

There are no tomes of musty lore,
But modern novels by the score.

You'll find no Gibbon, Hume or Trench,
But many sprightly books in French.

And bright in gilt and vellum fine
There is a modest book of mine.

But I am jealous, when I see
She reads her Ruskin more than me.

The Question of Maupassant

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

OF no celebrated writer do people differ so widely in opinion as of Guy de Maupassant. He is the subject of most varying, and even contradictory statements, the general agreement in England and America being that, in spite of the treasures he brings, he is by no means *persona grata*, and shall on no condition be allowed to enter the literary drawing-room. Flaubert, Daudet and Tolstoi may be admitted because they knew when not to laugh; Rabelais and Swift may go in because they laughed superiorly at everything; but Maupassant—no, he shall not even be permitted Fielding's place at the threshold: put him out, thrust him below stairs, where the flunkies, in the company of Wycherley and Tobias Smollett, hobnob in purple cup with Petronius and d'Annunzio!

The etiquette regarding this Frenchman is clearly defined. We may rush enthusiastically to the window to see him pass on the public walk, but we must not be observed to do so; above all, we must not mention this our trivial escapade, on pain of having our motives wilfully misconstrued by the many estimable and highly cultivated persons who give Maupassant at once their deepest admiration and contempt. We must allude to him only with apologies; and when we think of him, must remember how infinitely better, morally, we are than he. A well-known professor of literature has said some-

where to the effect that he reads Maupassant for his peerless style, but that of course he—like every other properly minded man—detests the substance from which this artist-malefactor has modelled these unequalled forms of beauty. Maupassant is the black-perfection, the serpent and the archangel in one; and the natural conclusion is that the world would be the gainer if he had not lived and written, but, that having lived and written, let us get all we can out of him. Yet we who laugh at all this conventionality and Puritanism, who permit ourselves to look unflinchingly at this very audacious writer, have something to declare in his support. We believe that the good he did very far outweighs the bad. We wonder beside the perfection of Maupassant, owning that his literary virtues were unusual.

No man of letters ever had a more impressive opportunity for success than he. Flaubert gave him the priceless benefit of his counsel; and Maupassant was worthy of the great novelist's confidence. He followed Flaubert's teachings, but followed them with such intelligence and earnestness that he became not half-Flaubert, but twofold-Maupassant. It requires a little soul-attention to see him correctly. The detail of his art is undeniably of so exquisite finish as easily to mislead one to believe him more vitally a craftsman than a maker, to imagine him as frozen in spirit and coldly delicate of hand,

to place him æsthetically with the Romans rather than with the Greeks. But the shortcoming lies wholly with us; who, from lack of opportunity, find difficulty to distinguish the detail that has excellence—as, for example, in many works of Stevenson and Daudet—from the detail that has perfection; which is of course nought but a truer excellence, yet which seems as far beyond the usual conception of that quality, as a beautiful being unaware of its own beauty seems beyond one that loses little chance of exhibiting its rarities to the world. The difference of blue pigment and blue sky, of the lark song and the flute song, of the arc-light and the moonlight, all is preëminently here, in this question of craftsmanship carried to an ideal, of the detail so delicately wrought as to stand for birth and development, for creation, though in the form of human artifice.

And this manner of Maupassant's, this seeming facility of perfection of detail, this prime quality that moves us to him magnetically in those moments when the spirit hungers for the expression that is restful, could come to maturity only through undaunted perseverance, energy and aspiration. His style is full of the wisdom of superb discipline; it brims with the nectar of completion; it not only satisfies, it contents us.

His designs were perhaps more varied in mood than those of any other writer of fiction; and this fact gives a pause to our snap-criticism. "Pierre et Jean" and "Fort comme la Mort," for example, can hardly be approached in the same vein as "La Maison Tellier" or "Les Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris." We must do full justice to those of the former, as well as the latter class, or we are in no little danger of declaring, along with the professors, that Maupassant's style is beautiful and his thought detestable,

a condition of affairs that—colloquially speaking—"won't pass." Hell does not amble away quite so familiarly with heaven; there must be at least a purgatory of doubt between. Beauty implies ever a peculiar association with profundity, and profundity is too intangible an essence for us to label it as Right or Wrong. We, as critics, ought never to say that such and such a writer—whose work bears the beauty mark—is base or untruthful, or even indelicate, without a vast deal of hard grinding and self-communion. We ought not to use the term "decadent," as so many do nowadays, without inquiring rigidly if we are not just a little severe and noisily commonplace. It is a heavy circumstance that the man whose faith and hope and strength of will kept him good for seven years of unceasing strife towards an ideal of expression pitilessly beyond the ordinary literary ideal, should be termed decadent by the mediocre mob of superficial moralists. Grace may exist without power, but not the complete grace—not such grace as Maupassant's. We should be at least as sensible as the squirrels, and not decide that a shining shell is empty till we have labored a little for the nut. Can we read "Une Vie" or "L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme," or even "Bel Ami," without a stampede of turbulent emotion, loosed from a new and wholly profitable realization of the humanness of pulsing, wandering humanity? or "Sur l'Eau" or "Le Papa de Simon," without an increasing nobleness of mind, without the purification of sympathy, without the lasting exaltation which nearly all men have in the presence of everything that is beautiful and real? I cannot so read them, I confess it. My heart is seldom wounded by the bold stroke of this impressive defender of the truth. After a week in the serious company of Guy de Maupassant, I can

better reconcile my life with life in general.

They are not written for children, these masterpieces; but neither are "Adam Bede" nor "The Scarlet Letter" nor "Antony and Cleopatra." It is useless to contend that the latter works indicate a moral idea, while the former do not. Art is inseparable from beauty, and wherever beauty is, goodness and wisdom are inevitably near. Beauty has fallen into disrepute in some quarters because the eye of the observer is waxen old, and in others because a pitiful poor sloven has taken her place; and often when we speak of beauty now we suggest an image but superficially attractive. Yet the real goddess remains, even if somewhat disdainful, in her superior abode beyond the poor flight of morality; and although she has acknowledged mightier wooers than Maupassant, she was not without her favors to that most sincere, that most absolutely unmoved by symbol or romance, of all French realists.

But the professors—a hard set to convince—are sure to reply: "Ah, very careful friend, your words may be very apposite concerning selected works of your ingenuous author, such as 'Pierre et Jean' and 'En Famille'; we will not argue of them any further. But tell us what will you do with 'Une Partie de Campagne,' that story where the nightingale comes in so voluptuously, or 'La Maison Tellier' with its rout of lascivious suggestiveness, or 'Les Tombales' with its outrageous—though interesting—dénouement? What will you say to defend these and a host of similar indecencies?"

And I, with a mental reservation to the effect that my interlocutors are marvellously well-read, answer openly, "Nothing." The work of our novelist becomes frequently sordid, sometimes disgusting, even filthy yes, to the seventh degree. And at times there is little to be said in generous excuse of

him. I should indeed have no better belief in the critic who should endeavor to garland with high aims the concupiscent muse that inspired "La Femme de Paul," let us say, than for him who announced that its author was capable of awakening no emotion more exalted than that conveyed by the very bestial story alluded to. Yet Maupassant's errors in this regard seem rather negative—which is to say, they were the result not so much of a strong native tendency, a distinct preference for the exposition of unlovely things, as of a reaction from high æsthetic pursuits, a general loosening of the spirit-cord, which had been drawn up a little too rigidly in moments of ultra-fine emotional expression. He runs the whole gamut of bodily sensation, but it is commonly counterbalanced by a psychological intensity unsurpassed in any fiction. If the former grows rank sometimes and loathsome, the latter no less bears a clear and most unusual flower. Though the first is empty, the second is full of nutriment. He has nowhere the baseness of malignity, he is not malicious, evil. He is undoubtedly sensual, but he has none of the avariciousness of sensuality. And perhaps there is, after all, a word to be said in palliation. Of all those exalted studies into which a man may throw his whole character and force, none is more provocative of physical and emotional depletion, none more rapidly enervates and saps, and pre-disposes to a general exhaustion and breakdown, than art in its highest aspect, especially art in conjunction with psychology. A full press of steam is necessary in order to ascend that golden river. There are reefs and treacherous turns, there are false charts and lying beacons, there are mutinies and sudden disabilities, the whole crew must be continually on the alert, in the dark, through the storm, in the face of an unseen enemy. What wonder

then that, when wharf is reached and the lines made fast, the men tumble ashore in mob haste for every allure-ment of orgy and excess! What wonder then if the Captain, over-fatigued himself, poor seaman, cannot control them! No human being can be nearer the illicit plunge than he who has pin-ioned with archangels. This is the law of balance and of life. It is the law of heaven and hell, and it is the artist's heart-beat and law together.

To declare then that Maupassant was sensual, that he was full of the vileness of vilest Paris at times, does not necessarily invalidate him for good literary society in the eyes of the truly just. In his fleshly hours he was more fleshly than Byron or Balzac, but he was also more admirable in his respect for art, which is, in its approach to immortality, the antithesis of earth and fleshliness. He was ever mindful of the artist's gods of permanence. In his moments of most ribald joviality, as in "La Maison Tellier," he is still more jealous of doing his entire literary duty than of telling his tale, which is nevertheless exceptionally well told. He may give us an unrighteous pleasure, but that pleasure is always coupled with elation at the fineness of his handi-work. He never offends us both ways, as his betters, Rabelais and Balzac, often do. No, the peculiar fault of Maupassant is not sensuality or sordidness. It is something more perilous than these, something that keeps him in bond with the present, the detail, instead of with the future, the whole thing; the fault that, having due regard for his insight, execution and morality, places his name in human estimation forever below that of the giant of Tours, and possibly below that of Victor Hugo. As far as true greatness is concerned, Maupassant had the vital defect of hopelessness. Optimistic man will worship almost everything else. He will fall at the

feet of violence and absurd sophistry and injustice; he will fetch offerings to an idol of wretched straw while the real gods look on in meditative pity, but he will not constantly adore, he will indeed scarce tolerate hopelessness. This demand of the human heart is not extreme; it is only for an elementary belief—belief in God, in mankind, in itself, in something! It is the one sure suspicion universal, the suspicion of hopelessness. That stagnant oil can never be one with the dashing crystal of our highest desires. Tolstoi speaks of Maupassant's "indifference." But the failing was worse than indifference. It was the deep-rooted malady of negativeness, the impossibility of appreciating anything that came in the pleasing garb of hope. It was not thus the great masters have beheld life. We find, for instance, enduring cheer amid the patient moanings of Prometheus chained to the cruel Caucasus; but in the French novelist the mockings of despair drown even the derisive laughter of the most unlovely denizens of a Latin Quarter boulevard. Maupassant is thereby denied the literary summit. His work may wear the badge of goodly rank, but is forbidden the fleur de lys of pure nobility.

Much has been said about the influence of Zola in his regard; and there can be little doubt that, for a while, Maupassant, along with many of his colleagues, was inspired by the largeness of the elder writer's design. Zola's determination, his persistent method, his enthusiasm and his successful belief in himself must have fired this young author, fellow-disciple of Flaubert, disdainful of things romantic. He may indeed have thought he had found the master of masters, the new Flaubert, who would leave behind him all vestige of mere narrative. In the first flush of Naturalism, an idea surely intimate with his own talent, it is not unlikely that he scarce perceived the

clumsiness and grandiosity, the rhetoric and bourgeois pomposity which mingled themselves so glaringly with the best phrase of the man who had begun, as Zola supposed, the Tragedy of the Unwritten Masses. Yet with this one point of meeting—the unswept market-place of Humanity—the ways of the two novelists were not only different, they were almost diametrically opposed. Zola pressed forward on the broad, ugly highroad of existence, telling what he saw, but interviewing no one profoundly. Maupassant elected, on the contrary, many a graceful by-path and sounded his chance acquaintance to the very depths, or rather to such depths as he dared go, for he had not Zola's sufficiency of creed. Zola was broader and shallower, he was more typical, but Maupassant had the virtue of good art. Zola selected a great heart-tract, but cultivated it so loosely that many fertile areas brought forth only the most rudimentary life. Maupassant, on the other hand, with his little psychologic garden, compelled even the stony spots to yield a well-rounded fruit. Zola, from a very broad point of view, made a universal failure; Maupassant, a

localized success. The former will live by his example; the latter by his work.

Maupassant had a growing admiration for the work of the Russian authors: he thinks warmly of Dostoevsky and Tolstoi, but his special literary faith centres in Turgenev, whose friendship he highly values. Flaubert taught him to write well; these men taught him to write fearlessly. They gave him grasp, they fed him with raw food straight from the soil, they made possible "Une Vie" and "L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme"; they bade him drop from mind even the attenuated romance that hangs about the realism of Balzac. It is true Maupassant took much from the celebrated masters in his art; but, like all men of genius, he gave more than he took. And we hold that, in spite of all the mass-meetings of maladroit moralists from Boston to Beersheba, he is eminently fitted to grace that inner circle of letters, where gather the imposing few who have just missed open greatness; and whose productions, while lacking the freest universality, bear none the less the princely seal of permanence.

Sir Thomas Bodley

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM

HIS prescience in the dawn of England's day,
 Foresaw the time when thought the world would rule,
 When mind enthroned in books would sceptre sway,—
 When books themselves would be the world's great school.

The Irony of Success

BY DOUGLAS STOR1

IT was Thackeray who thanked Heaven because George the Third had failed of his intention to found an Order of Minerva for literary men. It has been left for Edward the Seventh to establish an Order of Merit; to charter an Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical and Philological Studies; to make of the editor of "Punch" a knight bachelor. It is true, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Stephen Phillips, remain simple citizens of the great Republic of Letters, undecorated with cordon, collar or ribbon. They wait with all confidence to be crowned by posterity, and in that crown rests a distinction kings cannot give. To those of us who live by our pens, yet shrink from the utter prostitution of our mistress, it is depressing to contemplate the posthumous nature of the success attained by the great ones who have gone before. Scarce one of those we love would have worn the Order of Merit in his lifetime; many starved in the knowledge of their contemporaries. Most of those who succeeded, succeeded because of a toadyism which we regret—a toadyism to an individual, a party, a policy or a prejudice of the age. The honest and the independent have rarely been favorites of fortune in their own generation. They have worked and starved in garrets, lain in the gutters of Grub Street, been buried in nameless holes of the earth; but their gath-

ered truth is the richest legacy left to humanity.

It is not until after such men have passed beyond the confines of the Knowable that the world has realized how little of honor they had in their own generation. Marlowe was a tavern loafer, and Shakespeare a vagabond. Goldsmith could not pay his debts, yet the women to whom he owed money sat on his stairs and wept when they heard of his death. Robert Burns was a roysterer and an outcast. In the opinion of their contemporaries, Shelley was an atheist, Chatterton an incendiary, Harry Fielding a mischief maker, De Quincey a morphiomaniac, Charles Lamb a tippler, Leigh Hunt a fugitive from bailiffs. Edgar Allan Poe, Ben Jonson, Greene, Massinger, Nash, were drunkards. Defoe sacrificed his ears to his opinions, and Sir Walter Raleigh left his head upon the block as pledge of his patriotism. In our own day, James Thomson—he of "The City of Dreadful Night"—stood at the bar of the Holborn Restaurant—abject, shabby, a waif—changing his last borrowed coin for whiskey the while his bare feet peered through the worn sides of the carpet slippers that formed their only protection from the slush of the wintry streets. Stephen Crane earned notoriety and a name in the police court. Not one of these in his lifetime would have worn the decoration of a literary order, yet would our literature be sadly

depreciated were the least of them taken from its roll of immortals.

It is still more startling to consider the list of those whose coats would have blazed with orders in the days of their earthly sojourn. Most of those would be unknown to you, as they are to me—political pamphleteers, creatures of the party in power, apologists of immoral monarchs, champions of corrupt administrations. I would not soil my hands or offend your senses by stirring the dust in which they are so happily interred. But there are others whose influence upon their age, or whose contribution to letters, has survived their sycophancy and their time-service. According to the legend, Dr. Samuel Johnson was to have been made the Knight Grand Cross of George III.'s Order of Minerva. The ponderous manufacturer of dictionaries undoubtedly had earned the respect of his generation, had escaped all suspicion of flunkeyism. Yet was he never friend of mine. Snob he was, and Cockney. I never can think of him without remembering the portrait Sir Joshua Reynolds painted of him near-sightedly reading. The pock-marked Giant of Literature desired to be represented as in full possession of his eyesight, *débonnaire*, and youthful. To Reynolds he angrily protested: "You may paint yourself as deaf as you choose, but you shall not paint me as blinking Sam. It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." Somehow blinking Sam appeals as a very satisfactory grand master of the Order of Minerva with its badge of the Owl. Among his knights and companions of all ages would have been Charles II.'s degenerate favorites, the Earl of Rochester, and Congreve, and Wycherley; the mentally corrupt and bodily deformed Pope; the parasitic Gay; the pharisaical Babington Macaulay; the bombastic Bulwer Lytton—the log-rollers of thirteen hundred

years of recorded writing. All these would have worn the jewels of the order, probably more worthily than many who would have displayed still nobler decorations. And yet I would seek my friends among the lowlier citizens,—among the folk in fustian and hodden gray.

One hot day in June, 1901, two famous men of letters stumbled uneasily together down the dark valley of the shadow. Robert Buchanan and Walter Besant had had little more than their craft in common until Death, the grim jester, appointed them companions on that last, mysterious journey. No two men in all the world of literature were less compatible as comrades—Buchanan, the literary iconoclast, and Besant, the President of the Society of Authors! Respectable Besant, the knighted champion of English literature, would have chosen to accompany him any grub of Fleet Street in preference to Buchanan, the singer of the bridges, the last great Bohemian. Industrious Besant, the man whose laboriously constructed romance gained for East End London its People's Palace, had little sympathy with bankrupt Buchanan, the poet who did little more practical than to evoke the sobs of a Magdalen, the heartfelt gratitude of a broken player man.

Buchanan, who landed in London with a lonely half crown in his breeches pocket, was of a different clay from the Cambridge wrangler, the one time college professor. And yet those of us who have sought citizenship in the great republic had rather crossed the Styx with Buchanan than with him of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Such part as I had in the life of Robert Buchanan came in his latest days—in the days when the flippant public had deserted him for newer and flimsier gods. Of the fair, curly-haired boy who dreamed his poems on Waterloo Bridge at midnight, I knew only so

much as he told me. Of the lad who nursed David Gray in the Stamford Street garret I knew only the grizzled remains. "We lived in the same room, shared the same bed; and, when we didn't dine with Duke Humphrey, starved cheerfully together." David and Jonathan in a Stamford Street garret!

It is good to have known such a man, to have been able to talk without blushing of questions which only our present-day pruriency has banished from adult conversation. Never an impure thought, never a subtle innuendo, sullied the conversation of Buchanan. He said blunt out what he meant, using plain Saxon words without attempt to sugar his meaning with Norman French or society-attuned euphemisms. He spoke as the Carpenter's Son spoke, as seriously, as purposefully; and was hated by the world as bitterly. With time, the world's hatred burned into his soul so that he tilted at its idols, merely because they were idols, without reference to their worth, or thought of the evolutionary change they typified. In later life his charity became super-sensitive. For long he would not eat mutton because of the dumb pain he had read in the faces of a herd of sheep waiting before the door of a slaughterhouse. A keen sportsman, he gave up his shooting in Scotland because of the pity he felt for the birds he killed. Their glazing eyes spoke to his poet heart of the purple heather, the rolling moors, of God's glorious sun he had shut out from their gaze for ever. He threw down his gun without a sigh, without a regret, save for those he had slain in the days of his barbarism.

Most delightful to a man of the unemotional nineteenth century were the enthusiasms of Buchanan. They were all so innocent, so childlike, so strange, coming from the portly, big-brained man. He loved a fairy story; and Christmas was as sure a joy to him

as to the tiniest child in the nursery—not the modern, emasculated Christmas; but the real, old-fashioned holiday, with its holly berries and its serious pudding. He hated the new-fangled greetings, and searched the shops for cards with a Father Christmas, a sprig of holly and a sparkle of magnesium sulphated frost upon them. The boy who had wonderingly watched Charles Dickens—"the very incarnate Genie of Christmastide"—from the door of Rule's oyster saloon had become the man the world called the literary iconoclast, a very anarchist among latter-day writers! Poor Buchanan, if only the world could have known the great heart that ever beat warmly under his wide waistcoat! If they could have heard, as I have heard, the "God bless him!" of poor, hopeless drift pieces of the stage's flotsam and jetsam, they would have realized something of the real Robert Buchanan. They would have known why posterity confers higher honors than knighthood upon such as he. Of Buchanan's place in the world of letters a later generation will speak higher words of praise than our own. There is a sonorous dignity about his prose, a grandeur about the music of his poetry that, in these days of tinkling cymbals, cannot be appreciated; but their music is the music of all time, and Robert Buchanan's fame will go singing down the ages when many whom his contemporaries accounted his superiors lie silent in their dust and ashes. You and I can ill spare that lion-hearted, open-handed man. Has Death no mercy, has the Grave no satiety?

But a few weeks ago Kensal Green cemetery swallowed up a poet and a critic, a man of rare learning, a writer of wonderful intuition. He was Lionel Johnson, the author of two little books of verse and a critical work on the art of Thomas Hardy. Some four or five years ago I took chambers in Gray's

Inn, rooms at the top of a dingy, oaken stairway. As I found them, the rooms were dirty and in lamentable condition, without bath, without gas, without lighting convenience of any kind. But in one of them were two glorious book-cases built into the wall—great, roomy, hospitable closets, and for their sake I became tenant of No. 7 Gray's Inn Square. Little gossip penetrated to me through the thick planks of my outer door, but that which did pierce inward chiefly concerned my predecessor. It was such talk as might have passed current of Chatterton or Charles Lamb—of meagre meals, of incessant study, of the "tragic shade" that blighted his life. Such was the gossip of the laundress he had bequeathed to me. She knew nothing of the poet, but much of the man, her master. The lodger below stairs had complained bitterly of his restless tramping over uncarpeted floors, the Inn steward had dunned him for his rent, the man across the landing had thanked God when he departed. Yet was my predecessor the Lionel Johnson whom, too late, the critics of London are acclaiming a man of extraordinary learning, of fine critical judgment, of dainty poetic fancy. All undecorated, he lies in the clay of Kensal Green; and, thus tardily, the world is hanging its ribbon of recognition upon his tomb. So was it with the author of "The House with the Green Shutters" who, but the other day, was wandering hungry through London the while the press rang with praise of his work, and who died before he had tasted aught of the sweets of his belated success.

So, too, with Frank Norris, one of the few moderns who will live beyond the brief day of his publisher's advertisements. I remember him in Johannesburg, some seven years ago, quiet, unobtrusive, hidden in the mass of jostling humanity upon the Rand. His success had not come to him then,

its irony did not enter into his soul until he believed himself free to begin his life's work. It is ever thus with the writer, struggling, striving, straining to reach the point at which the great ambition may be achieved; and then, when the opportunity has arrived, when success is within the grasp, to have it refused the outstretched hand by a grinning death's head or by the less merciful realization that a life devoted to the preservation of life has dimmed the image, has killed the capacity to construct. There lie the darkest tragedies of literature.

No man of letters ever yet attained to the utmost of his ability in this life, unless indeed it were the poet Gray, whose "Elegy" stands out from the deal level of his achievement like a pine tree from the prairie. Robert Louis Stevenson had raised his foot to step into his literary heritage, but he set it down in eternity. "Weir of Hermiston" stands apart from his other work a glorious fragment, like the hand or foot of some defaced Greek statue. Zola died while his busy brain was still teeming with literary projects. Guy de Maupassant was hurled out of the world of the sensible before he had understood his power. Poor Chatterton, with his pathetic pocket-book and its four pounds, fifteen shillings and ninepence of return for four months of incessant literary labor, starved to death, a child not yet eighteen. Collins, an exquisite lyrist, full of fine promptings, had struggled through his excesses; had bitten deep into the bitterness of poverty; had seen his "Odes" fall dead from the press; was at last about to seize his opportunity, when madness smote him at the age of twenty-nine, and left him author of some fifteen hundred lines of the most exquisite poetry in the language. Keats was but twenty-five, Shelley twenty-nine, Byron thirty-six, and Burns thirty-seven when death claimed them.

Verily, the grave is hungry for the children of the gods!

It is strange to turn from these rapidly consumed lives to contemplate the gentle existence of the fathers of literature. For fifty-six years the venerable Bede lived, and read, and wrote in the quiet monastery of Wearmouth. When the day of his death came, he was translating the last chapter of the gospel according to John. His priestly amanuensis questioned if he could bear the fatigue of composition. Bede answered, "Write quickly on." As the sun set, the last sentence was completed. The aged monk murmured, "It is done!" folded his hands; and died while still he knelt among the rushes upon the floor. Such was the end of the writing man eleven and a half centuries ago—placid as his life, a simple closing of the book. There could be no irony in such an one's success, because his success consisted in the amount

of his service for others. To the monk, to the man trained from his youth up to regard worldly success as a wile of the devil, it mattered not whether recognition came from his contemporaries or from posterity. Success, such as the world covets, meant nothing to him, failure no more. Yet was self-effacement easier for him than for those who have come after. He was housed, and clothed, and maintained in food by his order; was encouraged in study, provided with books, with secretaries, with writing materials. Above all, most precious of all, he was granted a monastic silence. What prose one might write in a monastery, what thoughts conjure up in the cloisters, what poems compose in the gardens! I should rather have the peace, the leisure, the opportunity of Bede, than all the rewards and decorations in the gift of the kings of the world. That way only lies the avoidance of the irony of success.

The Antiquary

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

LICHEN, Moss, Stones. All that is left of the Home of a Prince. The Moon silvers the Heap. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?

Must, Moth, Mould. All that is left of an Emperor's Tomb. The Owl hoots and the Raven croaks. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?

Slime, Rushes, Swamp. All that is left of a Kingdom proud. The Will-o'-the-wisp comes and goes. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?

Cities, Villas, Homes. Throughout the World is a new Order of Things. The Fool and his Bells are silent as Prince, Emperor and King. But the old Man in his dusty Coat still lives in the Lessons taught the Present by the Past.

The Literary Guillotine

IV

The Corelli-ing of Caine

ON grounds of rectitude, I disapproved strongly of the manner in which Mark Twain had enticed Marie Corelli into the jurisdiction of the court; although it was impossible to suppress a feeling of gratification that this arch-offender was at last about to be brought to account for her reckless career of universal reformation and maltreatment of foreign languages. As presiding judge of the Literary Emergency Court, without consulting either Herford or myself, Mark Twain had sent this cable message regarding the man who looks like Shakespeare to the lady who lives where Shakespeare lived: "Come over and attend the trial of Hall Caine for *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters." In the course of the same day this reply was received: "Am starting immediately. Await my coming. Have important testimony. Congratulations."

A week later Miss Corelli set foot for the first time on American soil, and was received by an officer of the court with a warrant for her arrest. Protests were of no use, as we took good care that neither she nor the author of "The Infernal City" should communicate with their ambassador, and thus, perhaps, cause another miscarriage of justice, as in the case of Gladstone's protégée. In providing against a distant danger, however, we failed to take into account one at our very door—that, namely,

to be apprehended from the great shop-keeping and servant-girl class of our own people, whom we were unselfishly seeking to save from the contamination of these writers. But more of this anon.

The trial of the two great reformers was set down for the second day following the arrival of the biographer of Satan, but on Loomis's suggestion we decided to examine them privately in chambers before official proceedings.

"You see," said Loomis, in urging this course, "frequently under private examination the very worst criminals break down and confess, and thereby obviate the necessity of a long and expensive trial. It's worth while trying, anyhow."

We thought so, too, so Mark Twain sent for the superintendent of the prison and ordered him to bring the two English writers before us.

"Ah, and it will be a happy day for me, sorr, and the other prisoners," sighed the official, who was of Irish birth, "whin thim two has been condemned and put out of their misery. There's no such thing as sleep now, sorr, with the noise they make a-callin' each other all sorts of names, like copy-cat and p'agiarist, whatever that might be, and each one recitin' of long passages out of their books, showin' how the world is to be reformed. Oh, it's awful, your honors!"

"Why didn't you give them a sleeping potion?" asked Herford.

"I did, sorr, but it only made 'em worse—they talked in their sleep."

"Well, bring them in now, anyhow," said Mark Twain; "but see that they are well guarded so that they can't get quarrelling in here."

Two minutes later the Lord of the Castle was ushered in between two stalwart policemen, and a moment later his great rival entered by the opposite door, under guard of the matron and a woman detective. At sight of each other they started violently, and an angry flush overspread their faces. Hall Caine's sweeping locks began to rise like the bristles on a dog's back.

"So!" he exclaimed, drawing himself up in offended dignity, "this is the way you insult me, is it? Not content with the outrage committed against literature in my person, you now force me into the presence of this purveyor of cheap and noxious fiction; this woman who has dogged my footsteps at every turn, seeking to pilfer from my books the sacred flame with which to light her own worthless productions. No sooner do I produce that masterpiece, 'The Christian,' than she comes forth with a weak imitation, 'The Master Christian'; again I duplicate my achievement and give to a thankful world 'The Eternal City,' and she forthwith rushes into print with 'Temporal Power,' wherein she seeks to rob me not only of the essence, but also of the very name of Glory. It is too much! I——"

"Stop!" cried the great novelist, rising in the glory of her outraged womanhood, "will no one stop this man from blaspheming against my genius? Have none of you respect for the repository of the greatest gift of which men and women may be the recipients—the gift of creative power? *Multum in parvo!* The solidarity of human nature renders *e pluribus unum*.

But as poor old forgotten Baudelaire so beautifully sang:

'les étoiles qui filent,
Qui filent,—qui filent—et dispara-
ient—'

"'Except Mavis Clare,'" I interrupted, quoting from "The Sorrows of Satan."

For the first time since coming into the room the authoress looked at me. A gracious smile illumined her countenance, and she inclined her head in acknowledgment.

"Ah! I see you have penetrated the thin disguise under which I sought to make the world understand the motives which actuate me in my arduous, unselfish work. I had not expected to find such intelligence in America."

"Madam," I said, assuming an official tone, "it may be that we are not original enough in this country to employ the singular, *disparaît*, with *les étoiles*, as seems to be the custom in your country, still we are pretty clever at penetrating disguises and unmasking frauds."

Even as I uttered this stern reprimand there stood before my mind's eye, with the clearness of print, the beautiful, modest words in which the author of "Temporal Power" had described herself, and, as it would seem, my own present situation, through the mouth of Geoffrey Tempest: "She was such a quaint graceful creature, so slight and dainty, so perfectly unaffected and simple in manner, that as I thought of the slanderous article *I was about to write* against her work I felt like a low brute who had been stoning a child. And yet,—after all it was her genius I hated—the force and passion of that mystic quality which wherever it appears, compels the world's attention,—this was the gift she had that I lacked and coveted."

With a start I pulled myself together

—a literary emergency court could not be successfully conducted in such a spirit.

"*Similia similibus curantur*," quoted Mavis Clare at this moment, as though reading my thoughts again.

This constant and exclusive attention to his rival had begun to anger Hall Caine, and he now aggressively cleared his throat.

"Ahem! Ahem!"

"Yes, Mr. Caine, we are coming to you, just as soon as my colleague here has finished his little private flirtation."

"*Continuez!*" said Mavis Clare, drawing herself up stiffly and annihilating the presiding judge with a look—"women of high ideals do not flirt!"

The obvious reply to this was that no one had said they did, but for such retort Mark Twain, of course, was too chivalrous. Instead, he turned to the other prisoner.

"Now, Mr. Caine," he began insinuatingly, "it is the wish of the court to ask you a few questions thus privately, in a manner not possible in open court. We think it may lead to a simplification of matters. Of course you are under no compulsion to answer them unless you wish to do so; but it will prove to your advantage in the long run, I can assure you. Are you willing for me to question you?"

"Your honor," replied the Lord of the Castle with great dignity, "I have nothing to fear. All that I have done has been done upon the housetops——"

"That's true!" murmured Herford.

"Therefore, I say: Ask what you will. There can be no unfavorable witnesses against me."

"Oh, don't be too sure about that!" cried Mark Twain sharply. "We have very strong witnesses. For instance, sir, one of them is ready to testify that in your description of the brotherhood in 'The Christian' you say *compline* backwards, and put 'recreation' before

supper instead of afterwards. What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, sir, excepting that I do not approve of exercise on a full stomach."

"Oh, I see!" said Mark Twain, taken aback, "I see! But I hardly imagine you will be able to dispose of all the witnesses so easily. How will you reply to the jockey who will testify that in the scene descriptive of the Derby in one of your books you have the horses, instead of the jockeys, weighed in before the start?"

"Very easily, sir. I wished to discourage racing, and I thought that by weighing the horses, instead of the jockeys, I might turn the scale against it."

Mark Twain looked helplessly at the utterer of this remarkable speech, at a loss for a reply.

"Humph!" he grunted at last, "if you don't beat the beaters! Mr. Caine, do you speak Italian?"

"*Un porco*," replied the great man graciously.

At this Mavis Clare burst into uproarious laughter.

"He didn't ask you your name!" she cried—"he asked you if you spoke Italian!"

Hall Caine vouchsafed no reply, merely raising his eyebrows and sternly regarding her.

"Now, Mr. Caine," continued Mark Twain after this interruption, "you have written quite a number of books, have you not?"

The Lord of the Castle bowed acquiescence.

"On serious subjects, I am informed?"

"On most serious, sir. The flippant and humorous has never appealed to me. I leave that to inferior minds."

"Ah, I see!" murmured the author of "Tom Sawyer," "you act wisely."

"I act, sir, as my genius directs me."

"And that directs you, I understand,

Mr. Caine, to treat of various countries and peoples. 'The Deemster' and 'The Manxman,' I believe, are laid in the Isle of Man?"

"They are."

"And 'The Bondman' in Iceland?"

"Exactly."

"And 'The Scapegoat' in Cairo?"

"As you say."

"And 'The Christian' in London?"

"Precisely."

"And 'The Infernal—Eternal City' in Rome?"

"Even so."

"And you know all of these peoples and civilizations so intimately that you feel justified in writing of them?"

"I see you have not read my books, Mr. Clemens," was the reply, "or you would not ask me. Besides, allow me to remind you that 'Macbeth' is laid in Scotland, 'Othello' in Italy, 'John' in England, and 'The Tempest' heaven knows where."

"I see," said Mark Twain, in the dreamy manner of one who regards an unknown specimen of fauna. "I guess most of your stories are laid in the same place as 'The Tempest.'"

For a moment the Lord of the Castle dubiously regarded Mark Twain, seeking to fathom his meaning. Then with a gracious smile he bowed acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Shakespeare had the advantage of priority over me, Mr. Clemens."

"That is true, Mr. Caine, but you should not begrudge him that one advantage. You should consider the great advantage you enjoy over him in that you can read his works, whereas he cannot read yours."

"Precisely, Mr. Clemens. But, then, no man is heir to the future."

"Your remark leaves nothing further to be said," said the author of "Huck Finn," bowing in turn. "However, it was not of Shakespeare's irreparable loss that I wished to speak, but of our too happy, happy lot. I should

much like to know your literary plans for the future."

"Well," replied the author slowly, "I am still somewhat in doubt as to what country I shall take up next. I had thought something of Bulgaria, but at present I rather incline toward the United States. I have pretty well decided to write a *comédie humaine* of America. It is a fine field."

Mark Twain caught his breath.

"Yes, it is a fine field," he said slowly, "a mighty fine field. But how long do you think it would take you to treat it adequately?"

"We-ell, I don't know exactly—perhaps two years."

"Humph! I see. Mr. Caine, I have nothing further to say to you. You may sit down."

"One moment, please!" cried Herford, "I'd like to ask a question."

"Yes?" inquired the Lord of the Castle.

"Yes, just one question, Mr. Caine. Now, I have here a copy of 'The Eternal City,' and on page 6 I find a sample of Roma's talk when she was a baby. I'll read part of it aloud: 'Oo a boy? . . . Oo me brodder? . . . Oo lub me? . . . Oo lub me eber and eber?' Now, Mr. Caine, I want to ask you this: Is that, in your opinion, an accurate reproduction of the manner in which children talk?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely—at least, of the manner in which Manx children talk."

"Oh, I see!" said Herford—"their words haven't any tails, have they? I have finished with the prisoner, your honor."

Thereupon the Lord of the Castle seated himself at a convenient table in the manner of the great English bard in the picture entitled "Shakespeare and his Friends," and settled himself to enjoy the discomfiture of his rival.

"And now, Miss Corelli," said Mark Twain to the author of "Vendetta,"

"with your permission I should like to put a few questions to you. Pray, remain seated. In the first place, you are a very good woman, are you not?"

"I hope so, your honor. I try not to misuse the great talent which has been given into my keeping. I do not keep it done up in a napkin."

"I see! You send it out that it may gain ten other talents for you—eh? But you don't seem to entertain a very good opinion of the rest of the world, Miss Corelli. Yet I should say the world has used you pretty well. How many copies, now, do you regard as a good sale of one of your books?"

"Well—three hundred thousand is not bad. But, ah! your honor, good sales are not everything!"

"No, not if one has disposed of the copyright. But to continue. I doubt if any contemporary author sells better, unless it be Mr. Caine yonder. How is it, Mr. Caine? How do you regard a sale of three hundred thousand?"

"A mere bagatelle, sir, a mere bagatelle. A good return for one English county."

Mavis Clare sniffed audibly.

"Pooh! I don't believe he ever sold that many books in all his life, unless, perhaps, because people thought they were buying 'The Master Christian' when it was only 'The Christian.'"

In an instant the Lord of the Castle was on his feet.

"I'd have you know—" he began, excitedly, when Mark Twain's gavel cut him short.

"Now, you two stop fighting!" he cried. "You're as bad as Gertrude Atherton and Charles Felton Pidgin."

"Sort of Pidgin-English and Manx mixed," remarked Herford under his breath.

In the meantime, in response to a tap on the shoulder from one of the attendant officers, the great Manx author of so many tales had resumed his seat, with a she's-beneath-my-notice sort of

expression, and had regained his Jove-like calm.

"Now, Miss Corelli," continued the presiding judge, "before this unseemly interruption I was about to refer to a point on which you seem to have strong and novel opinions. I mean the critics. Ah, I see the subject appeals to you. Now, I hold in my hand 'The Sorrows of Satan,' a book in which, I believe, you have given to the world your opinion on everything in heaven and earth and the waters under the earth, but in especial on those noxious vermin, the critics. Am I right?"

"You are, sir, perfectly right. I consider those abandoned, venal men responsible for more of the wickedness in the world than all the rumshops, gambling-houses and churches put together. They prevent the public from reading the only books which could possibly counteract the evil tendencies of the time. Would you believe it, they do not shrink even from attacking my novels!"

"No—is it possible!" exclaimed Mark Twain, in sympathetic tones. "Well, perhaps that will give us the key to the paragraph which I am about to read from page 100 of 'Beelzebub's Grievs.' This is what you say there through the mouth of one Morgeson, a publisher: 'The uncertain point in the matter of your book's success is the attitude of the critics. There are only six leading men who do the reviews, and between them'" (between six, you notice) "'they cover all the English magazines and some of the American, too, as well as the London papers.' Now, Miss Corelli, in view of the fact that a little later on you state that Geoffrey Tempest purchased the venal pen of the leader of the unworthy six, McWhing, for the small sum of five hundred pounds, my colleagues and I should much appreciate your courtesy if you would give us, privately, the man's real name—I think among us

we might possibly raise five hundred pounds and get him to praise our books, too. 'Huck Finn' is not selling very well at present. What do you say to my suggestion?"

"Mr. Clemens," said Mavis Clare severely, "I am surprised that you should imagine me capable of aiding in the further debasement of literature. I am more strongly convinced than ever that you have not read my works. But yonder sits a writer who may possibly be willing for a *ne plus ultra* to give you the information desired," and she pointed to the Lord of the Castle.

Hall Caine's only reply was a curl of the lip and a smile of placid superiority.

"He doesn't look promising," said Mark Twain sadly. "I don't think he's likely to give up his secrets. I'm afraid, Herford, we shall have to plod on in the same old hopeless way without the aid of the critics. And all for the want of knowing whom to give five hundred pounds to! However, to continue. Miss Corelli, to judge by your writings, you must be extremely fond of foreign languages, are you not?"

"I am, sir, indeed. To me foreign languages never cease to be a mystery and a delight."

"I can readily believe it, madam, very readily. Moreover, your use of expressions from other languages is marked by so great taste and accuracy that I feel doubly justified in thus publicly calling the attention of the world to the matter—if all writers used foreign phrases in the same manner, what a delectable state our literature would be in! Why, not only do you make use of French and Latin and Italian, in the manner of the Duchess and Miss Braeme, but you enrich those languages in a way never dreamt of by the natives themselves; not content with merely inventing new words, you also invent new rules of grammar. It is truly remarkable! Thus in your masterpiece, 'Ziska,' we find not *diablerie*,

but the much more beautiful and unusual word *diableresse*. For this addition to their vocabulary you have laid the French under an immeasurable debt of gratitude. The only trouble is that the nation is so darned thankless in such matters. But not so Latin scholars, they are quick to recognize a pioneer in their special field. Who but a second Bentley would have had the brilliant audacity thus to force a Latin verb to so novel a use, as in the noble lofty sentence from your pen which I shall now read! 'I do not address myself,' you say in righteous anger, 'to those who have made their cold *adieux* to God, to them I say pitifully, *Requiescat in pace!*' Miss Corelli, only those devoid of all sense of reverence will stop to ask, What is the subject of *requiescat*? To them I can only repeat your thrilling words: *requiescat in pace*.

"But enough of obituaries when other and more cheerful linguistic improvements await our notice. What a stroke of genius did you display in 'Barabab' by the creation of Judith Iscariot, thus turning Iscariot into a family name centuries before any one else thought of this device for avoiding confusion; or when you endowed Pilate's wife with the abstract name of Justitia; or when you presented to Heliogabalus, or Heliobas, or whatever the gentleman's name was, chairs of Arabian workmanship, when even the Arabs themselves had never seen the necessity of sitting anywhere but on the ground; or when you rang the bells in Jerusalem at a time when, as you say yourself in another connection, the bells were *non est*. Words fail me properly to characterize these achievements. I don't wonder that Geoffrey Tempest took to consorting with 'blue-blooded blacklegs,' or that he and his wife and the devil had an '*al fresco* luncheon in the open air.' I should have had a dryadical fit among the trees. Whew!"

Mark Twain paused quite out of breath. For once in her life Mavis Clare was almost speechless.

"*Tempi passati!*" she murmured weakly.

"Gentlemen," said the presiding judge, addressing Herford and myself, "I have finished with the prisoner. If you have anything to ask her, now is the accepted time."

"Miss Clare," I said, seizing the opportunity before Herford could speak, "just one moment! I shall only advert in passing to such minor matters as split infinitives, although, as you may know, they were recently one of the main causes of the downfall of one of our greatest of *matinée* heroes; nor shall I speak more at length of the works of Sar Peladan, despite the fatal parallelism of ideas which he seems to possess with you—I simply want to reassure myself on a question of American slang. If his honor will hand me 'The Sorrows of Satan' I will read the sentence in which the expression occurs. Thank you. Ah, here it is! on page 189: "Why, what's the matter?" I exclaimed in a rallying tone, for I was on very friendly and familiar terms with the little American. "You, of all people in the world having a private weep! Has our dear railway papa 'bust up'?" Now, Miss Clare, have I your assurance that it should not be 'bust down'?"

"You may take my word for it," replied the authoress, "that it is correct the way I have written it. I am not like the author of certain Manx books who shall be nameless—I never make mistakes."

What would have been the result of this unfortunate remark it is difficult to say, had Mark Twain not quickly risen and declared the examination at an end, thus precluding any attempt on the part of the modern Balzac to resent the aspersion.

"Remove the prisoners," said the presiding judge in his sternest manner. "But inform the superintendent that I say they are to be confined in separate parts of the building, so that they cannot further disturb the other inmates. The sitting is at an end."

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Herford, as the two novelists disappeared from sight—"I forgot to ask Miss Corelli what the 'Quarterly Review' meant by calling her a 'mother in Israel.' However, I shall have a chance to do so at the trial."

But that chance was never to come. Hardly had the words left Herford's mouth before a faint, distant murmur reached our ears, like that of the Roman mob in the theatre. Rapidly the sound increased in strength, until it seemed at the very door of the room. Then just as suddenly it died into silence, and we were left gazing at each other, wonderingly.

"Why, what's that?" murmured Mark Twain.

As though in answer to his question, at that moment the superintendent of the prison rushed in with his coat hanging in shreds, and threw himself at our feet in an agony of fear.

"Save me! Save me!" he cried. "A mob of salesladies and servant-girls has broken into the prison and rescued Hall Caine and Marie Corelli!"

"Are the other prisoners safe?" inquired Mark Twain, his voice quaking with anxiety.

"Yes, yes, they only took those two!"

"Ah!" sighed the presiding judge, in deep relief, "we still have our preacher-writers, then! Certainly we do not seem to have much luck with English authors. Indeed, I begin to doubt whether the servant-girls really wish to be saved from literary contamination."

Italy in Fiction

BY AMY A. BERNARDY

I ONCE disagreed with an editor. He was, it may be added, the well-known editor of a leading Italian review. The agreement had been that I should write an essay on Mr. Marion Crawford's Italian novels: the disagreement was, that the editor thought my judgment against the novels far too lenient for the deserts of the author. He wanted me to be absolutely merciless to this *index ininstus* of people and things Italian, Mr. Marion Crawford. He held my Anglo-Saxon connections, atavism (and perhaps other *isms*) responsible for what seemed to him the tameness of my condemnation of all the "Saracinesca" brood, and wrote to me indignantly: "Please do not try to excuse Crawford. He is artificial, false, *passé*, even to the names of his characters—Corona Saracinesca and Duca d'Astrardente, for instance. The Italian language has never tolerated such screeching sounds. The politic and dogmatic ideas of Mr. Crawford do not appeal to us at all. We feel intensely that foreigners do not grasp what is real about us: they judge us without feeling us—that is, they entirely misjudge us, and we resent being so persistently and so hopelessly misunderstood. Please state still more forcibly our Italian feelings against Mr. Crawford's and other foreign writers' Italian novels."

How I could, without being utterly discourteous, state more forcibly than I had done our Italian feelings I failed

to see, and informed my editor of the fact, whereupon we disagreed. But I had secured, in the usually smooth-tempered editor's outburst of wrath, an excellent standard of the Italian feeling in regard to books generally supposed by outsiders to be a faithful portraiture of Italian life, past and present.

"Marsio's Crucifix" is certainly rather successful in depicting a certain class of people and a certain aspect of Roman life; other very good bits of detail are scattered throughout Mr. Crawford's work, and these will surely appeal to an impartial judge. The excellent pages about mediæval Rome in "Via Crucis" may partly redeem in the appreciation of many readers, as they do in mine, the frequent blunders of other books and the utter misconception of Italian life as a whole, before which the greater part of Italians find it difficult to keep sober. A large majority of Italians think, and perhaps correctly, that a few right things will not make up for a lot of wrong things. Moreover, since they do not attempt to write the great American or English novel of our time, they fail to see (probably having no sense of humor) why Mr. Crawford, Mr. Hall Caine, and Ouida (the three best-known Anglo-Saxon novelists, among Italian readers) insist on describing Italy as the place where every plot can comfortably be evolved, that would appear impossible anywhere else;

and why Italy appeals to Mrs. Humphry Ward, Marie Corelli, and Richard Bagot—the next best-known trio—as the hallowed land where people may be made to survive different horrors and endless discussion of religious and moral subjects; why Italy must be second only, in lending itself comfortably as a background of uncomfortable happenings, to the various nondescript Graustarks and other imaginary Danubian States that make Europe seem so dramatic and barbaric to the civilized American youth, and appear so utterly ludicrous to the continental reader who chances to have more than a distant acquaintance with the map of Europe as it really is, and who, perhaps, travelling on the Vienna express to Servia and Roumania, has met at his embassy in Bucarest no more stage-villains than he would in Washington or Paris, and has attended in some stately Hungarian manor just as exclusive and proper a hunting-party as he would in a British country-house. True enough, some external aspects of things, remains of moral and social conditions that have long gone by, may yet mislead the foreigner in his judgments, while we who have outlived and outgrown them long since, feel them to be dead, and forever dead; but most certainly there are, in the Italian novels of the above-named authors, far more things than have ever been dreamt of in real Italy, without speaking of the various other things which exist truly enough, but are viewed and represented from an entirely non-Italian point of view. It certainly is unquestionably true that Mr. Crawford's Italy is entirely unlike the real thing; that while some particulars and descriptions are good, the entire organization of his novels is hopelessly melodramatic, and falls hopelessly short of its ambitious aim; that no Italian princess would ever think of doing, and much less do, what the Princess does in "Taqui-

sara"; that never in Italy will people get married as they do in "A Roman Singer," at a moment's notice; that no Roman princes will be choked to death, or princesses poisoned, brothers murdered, or deeds duplicated and signatures forged quite so easily and naturally as such things seem to happen in the novels of Mr. Crawford, whose conception of Cardinale Antonelli must strike every one familiar with recent history, very much as an edition *ad usum delphini*; (seekers after truth may be referred to Mr. Stillman's sketch of this noteworthy individual). Mr. Crawford's way of understanding and setting forth modern Italian history in his novels depends largely on his political and religious beliefs, probably; but then it is only fair to the reader not well acquainted with Italy, to warn him that such beliefs are not shared by the majority of Italians, and Mr. Crawford's pages cannot be said to have a real foundation and a faithful counterpart in Italian life as it is.

What Mr. Crawford has done for aristocratic Italy, Ouida has taken it upon herself to do for the middle and lower classes of the beautiful but unfortunate land. Why this good lady will keep bewailing evils that never have existed save in her imagination, and why she will persist in making herself miserable upon her own conception of what Italy is and what she should be, is the one thing that Italians cannot be made to understand. But we all know that ingratitude is the characteristic virtue of man. And I know that Ouida's Italian readers, in compensation for her kind interest, would suggest to her either a proper knowledge of Italian, or absolute refraining from the use of what to unsuspecting minds may be passed off for Italian, but would more properly be styled such misplacing and misspelling of Italian words, as destroys in the intelligent reader every opinion of the writer's authority

and qualification for her work. Thus Trespiano, and not Trespignano, is the graveyard of the poor in Florence; the Tuscan diminutive for Signor Francesco is not *Ser Checci*, but *sor Chec-co*; official declarations are not *bande*, which means "gangs," but, if at all, *bandi*, the proper name being manifest. And it is through no fault of the critics that some colloquial phrases affected by the writer are absolutely non-existing in Italian. Quotations could be offered, *ad infinitum*, of words and facts utterly misunderstood. The pillar which is called the "Column of Mars," and where it is said that Buondelmonte fell, not only is not to be found near the Strozzi Palace, which is not its original place, but neither has it existed near the Ponte Vecchio since the days of Dante. The Strozzi Palace in Florence is not far from the Ponte St. Trinita, where a column is to be found, not of Mars, but of Justice, and next to this Buondelmonte could not have fallen in the thirteenth century, since the column itself was erected late in the sixteenth century by a Medicean Grand Duke. *Et de hoc sufficit*.

Mr. Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" was hailed in Italy with joyful expectation. The novel really promised to be good at the beginning, as children sometimes do who show off the worst temper afterwards. Clever touches here and there, successful snapshots of landscape, brought in a vivid atmosphere of reality, and were pleasant and gratifying to the reader. Also, the outlines of statesmen and ladies of society, after Crawford's melodramatic princes and Ouida's Arcadian peasants, suggested any amount of interesting possibilities. Italians were awaiting with interest the one book that should have shown a masterful comprehension of the afterglow from the past and the dawn of the future, by which their whole modern life is so strangely and fatefully illumined.

But the book "broke down" hopelessly after the first chapters. Again the heartfelt wish has to be manifested, that no reader of "The Eternal City" will conceive Rome as suggested by Mr. Caine. What seems strange to Italians is that Mr. Caine, having lived long in Rome, and having had every opportunity of knowing the Eternal City in her real mood, meeting all the Italians he wanted to meet, and being able to secure all the information he wished, has deliberately chosen to misunderstand Rome. They understand how Zola, attempting to portray Rome in a six-hundred page volume after a visit of a few weeks, made his work an utter failure, for which even now Giovanni Bovio upbraids his memory. But they do not understand why Mr. Caine, after having truthfully conceived Rome as the City Eternal, to which all will naturally turn that is good and great and universal in the world, lowers her to be the background of absurd performances on the part of various individuals of whom the least that may be said is, that they act like madmen throughout the book. Rome is dangerously attractive to writers, and her vengeance is without pity to whoever dares approach her greatness without sufficient reverence and knowledge. She does not surrender her soul to every passer-by; she that holds in her ancient stones the enigma of centuries does not smile on foreign wooers as does Florence, and many minds will grasp and understand the beauty of Florence, to whom the beauty and overwhelming fascination of Rome will forever be a closed book. The reason of this lies mainly in the fact that the beauty of Florence is wholly of an artistic order, and is entirely developed within the range of a few centuries, while the beauty of Rome depends on the spirit of ages and on the comprehension of the soul of men that throughout ages have made her the city of unfathomable greatness and

power. It will be noticed that up to our days the greater part of all that foreign writers have written about Italy has been of an artistic, poetic or descriptive nature, celebrating the beauties of Italy and the natural spirit of romance which seems to pervade Italian atmosphere. Tuscany has been more generally praised than any other part of Italy, except perhaps Venice, which, strangely enough, has always appeared more attractive to writers by the candlelight of shallow romance than by the dazzling glare of real, magnificent historical truth. It is the Italy of the so-called romantic period, the Italy of Lord Byron, of George Sand, of Stendhal, that has fixed herself in the mind of the Anglo-Saxon writers; and they have seen her since then, not as she really is, but as they loved to see her through their own personal associations and feelings, as they had made up their mind that she was or she ought to be; they have depicted to us quite often not the life of Italians in Italy, but the life of foreigners in Italy, inserting now and then a dash of local color by the transmogrification of creatures of their fancy occasionally into Italian noblemen or Italian stage-villains; and mingling curiously in their appreciation of Italy a fair knowledge of art, an admiration often blind and indiscriminating, for beauty, a benevolent disposition for the people, all conventional and yet sincerely felt, with an utter misconception of the real attitudes, motives and powers of Italian life. They seem not to have caught the spirit of the change that has come over the immortal land with her third historical phase, that of political independence; not to have understood that while railroads and hotels appeared (to their blended artistic horror and material satisfaction) all over the country, something new was coming into the soul of the Italian people, with the economic and politic problems that

forced themselves into public attention; that life is no song and no melodrama in Italy any more than it is in other lands; that Italian men are something more and better than singers, musicians, princes or villains with dark eyes and curly mustaches; that the Italian farmer and workman is not exclusively a naïve and picturesque being, unconscious and active like an animal, and that, if his land is beautiful and his skies sunny, that is not his fault, and does not seem to authorize wild Arcadian fancies on the part of benevolent idealists. What the foreign reader appreciates in the Italian fiction of his countrymen is quite often the unconscious charm of seeing his own opinions and feelings transplanted and acclimatized in the fascinating Italian atmosphere; which, of course, is exactly the thing that the Italians resent. And they would doubtlessly resent it on a larger scale if the work of more authors were familiar to them. But, although English is more widely understood in Italy than Italian is in England and America, the work of George Meredith, Hopkinson Smith, Anna Fuller, Marion Harland, Maurice Hewlett, Frances Turnbull, Father Barry and many others, remains entirely unknown, except for such faint echoes as may reach Italy through newspaper reviews, and, more often, translations of foreign reviews.

One thing seems to have an undue weight on Anglo-Saxon minds, that appeals but slightly as a theme for fiction to the Italian mind—that is, the religious questions and the problem of "Temporal Power." It is true that the perfect sincerity which is evident even in the blunders of almost all the foreign writers who choose to talk about Italy, excuses them to a certain extent; yet it will inevitably happen that the Italian public will feel toward the foreign novelist who portrays Italy in something of a patronizing style, admonishing, ad-

miring, pitying and cherishing her at one time more or less like the little boy who, on being asked by the meddlesome and well-meaning old gentleman why he would smoke at so early an age, and whether he knew what happened to little boys addicted to that vicious habit, answered respectfully, "Yep. Dey gits bothered by fool cranks."

Misconceptions and misjudgments were not so evident in the domains of abstract thought and of mere literary beauty, as they are when brought forth in the more realistic and popular form of novel or romance. Modern Italy

feels now that she is not solely outliving her glorious past, but striking a new way for herself, to which her past is sometimes an encouragement and sometimes a heavy obstacle. She is quite ready to recognize her shortcomings and to accept advice or comment from others, as the reception of King and Okey's "Italy of To-day" among Italian readers most clearly proves. She is ready and willing to be judged, but she naturally objects to being misjudged; and righteously enough does she ask to be understood before she is misrepresented.

Some Books

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

SOME books come close to us
 And take us by the hand
 To lead us out of self,
 To make us understand
 The better things; to know how good
 Is sacrifice, to give
 Ourselves unselfishly to those
 Who learn by us to live.
 These are the Mother-books,
 The dearest and the best
 That hold us as a mother holds
 Her children to her breast.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

COMMUNICATED BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

"The reviews in this department of THE though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists. . . ."

AS the office-boy penned these lines, he chuckled. The editors being out for the day, he felt that he could devote the time to book-reviewing without neglecting more important duties. Above all, he was resolved not to be perfunctory. If there was anything he really was a specialist in, it was inland voyaging. So this was the first review copy he took from the top of the pile, and what he wrote about it:

"STEVENSON—AN INLAND VOYAGE. *By Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribner. \$1.25.*

"The *raison d'être* of this new edition of Stevenson's charming book are the interesting photographic pictures which illustrate it."

"There," thought he, "I rather fancy that will catch the eye of the critics. And please the publishers!"

The next volume was a boy's book, but the office-boy didn't like it. Yet he felt that he ought to dissemble. So this was the result:

"HOWELLS—THE FLIGHT OF PONY BABER. *By W. D. Howells. Harper. \$1.50.*

"This is not a book to be lightly dismissed and yet not a book about which there is much to be said. As good

women have no pasts, so good books deserve no criticism. It is always easier to pull to pieces than to praise, always easier to blame than to give credit. One can only say about 'Pony Baber' that it will pay one to read it."

In his anxiety not to be perfunctory, the young critic changed the name of Mr. Howell's book for him and didn't charge him a cent.

Next on the book pile came:

"BAGOT—THE JUST AND THE UNJUST. *By Richard Bagot. Lane. \$1.50.*

"Mr. Bagot is one of those authors who evidently believes that he has the same right over the characters of his creations that the God of Israel had over the persons of Isaac and Jacob; and he deals out to his manikins reward and punishment as seems good to him. There is a bogie that pursues our better writers—" At this point the elevator bell rang, a visitor came in and the office-boy's train of thought was interrupted while he told the visitor that he would be paid on publication, if he lived and enjoyed fortune.

"Pshaw," he resumed, "that's enough for Bagot. Less would be unjust to him, more would not be just to me. H—m, what have we here?"

"GILDER—AUTHORS AT HOME. *Edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. A. Wessels & Co. \$1.00.*

"'What a bee-yootiful book! I'll give it a good one. So here goes:'

"These personal and biographical sketches of well-known American writers have the special interest in that the author written of in every case selected the one who was to write the article about him.

"The—special—the author—the one—the article—h—m, there are articles enough for anybody, both definite and indefinite. Now for the next!"

"STREATFIELD—THE OPERA. *By R. A. Streatfield. Lippincott. \$2.00.*

"This is the new revised and enlarged edition, foreworded by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, of a book published some six years ago, the first

edition of the original work having been rapidly exhausted, and the book consequently for long out of print. It is reminded that heretofore books devoted to opera have conformed to one established model, . . ."

"Yes, sir, coming—just a moment, Miss, until it is reminded that I settle this art-book's hash."

"CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD—ILLUMINATED BOOKS.

"An interesting development of the theories of Mr. William Morris is the Craftsman's Guild of Highland Park, Ill. This guild publishes illuminated books which are decorated, printed and bound by their own members.

"H—m, this guild and their own members—it doesn't sound just right, but what's the odds, nobody'll read it, not even the proofreader!"

Aucassin and Nicolette

BY WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

WHEN the wind is in the chimney
And the rain is on the roof,
When the door is barred securely
And the world is held aloof,
When To-day outweighs To-morrow
And eyes dim for Yesterday,
Follow then the red heart's leading
Down the old-world, forest way;
Leave behind the petty Present,
Leave the worry and the fret,
Live one rich hour in the story
Of Aucassin and Nicolette.

The Quest of the Celt

BY ISABEL MOORE

THERE is a good deal of confusion in the minds of men regarding the so-called Celtic Movement. The term has come to designate various enterprises, such as the revival of the Gaelic language, the founding of an Irish national theatre, the re-utterance of Irish music, the establishing of professorships, the pursuance of genealogies, the binding more closely together of Irish clans, political societies, and sympathies. These do, indeed, go hand in hand toward the regeneration of the race; but in its pristine purity the term Celtic Movement refers to the efforts of a few to recover, in modern English literature, the poetic mysticism, symbolism, and legend-lore of the early Celts. Their faith in things unseen is so great as to enable them to rest confidently on Matthew Arnold's assertion that "what we want is to *know* the Celt and his genius; not to exalt him nor to abuse him, but to know him." It is this study of the individuality of the Celtic; this placing of it in its true relation to the other spirits of the ancient world, rather than such futile efforts as are evidenced by the Bardic Congress held every year in Wales, or the writing of modern stories in the Gaelic language, that legitimizes the desires of the modern cult. Abortive forms unavoidably follow any revival, but to those who can see, the steady heart-flame of right intention is omnipresent. "Always they went forth to battle and always they fell"

must be the cry of the tender few who get at the hidden treasure, so what wonder that the spiritual seers with their steady, quiet perceptions are passed by and often altogether forgotten by the babbling multitude. What wonder that in the confusion they are mistaken for the modern Irish, even the modern Scotch; that Maria Edgeworth, Tom Moore, Lover, Lever, and Sir Walter Scott, have been placed in their ranks by the ignorant. This sometimes troubles the elect; though seldom is there a protest. Occasionally, however, one of their number arises to define his or her attitude. Miss Fiona Macleod, for example, states her object to be to "seek in nature and in life, and in the swimming thought of timeless imagination, for the kind of beauty that the old Celtic poets discovered and uttered." Never was there a more intense insight than hers, never a more imaginative use of verbs and adjectives, yet so translucent is the sanity beneath the ecstasy that she maintains "as for literature, there is, for us all, only English literature. All else is provincial or dialectic." And so high is the motive actuating those even partially concerned that Mr. George Moore, whose enthusiasm carries him farther afield, says: "It is impossible to write plays in England except for money, and all that is done for money is mediocre." Surely he has lifted his own work far above any possible taint of a money valuation by his latest book,—a full-

fledged novel in the Gaelic language. Such an attempt must be counted outside the desirable aim of the best devotion. And though he feels with and has done much for the Celtic Revival, especially in the establishment of the Irish national theatre, Mr. George Moore cannot be considered a Celt in intention or accomplishment, but rather a perfected Irishman.

Sir Samuel Ferguson was, perhaps, the first who with any serious feeling turned backward to his country's primitive literature, convinced of its inspiration. But he, too, lacks something of the spiritual vision. The "fierce old Irish note of Ferguson" fails because of his too rigid adherence to the mythology—a mythology complicated and slightly known—rather than to the distinguishing magic. A contemporary of his who attained at least the pathetic and tragic expression of the magic was James Clarence Mangan. He was a dreamer, both by nature and as a result of stimulants. An unhappy and restless man, sensitive and fragile, he deals little with the lighter Gaelic genius for love and laughter; sorrow, majestic sorrow, swathes his song. His "O Woman of the Piercing Wail" is a luxuriance of woe. "The Nameless One" is autobiographical of his sad brooding in more tranquil mood. "Gone in the Wind" is a stately contemplation of the transitory aspect of all things temporal. He was, in truth, the forerunner of the outburst of the Celt into English poetry; for his is that Celtic fugitive cadence, that "music of the wind," found in the work of W. B. Yeats and Fiona Macleod.

Between the precursors of the cause and the later disciples there are numerous writers of varying merits who, according to their light, have endeavored to reëmbodify the will-o'-the-wisp enchantment. In Aubrey de Vere's verse there is much of the childlike vision, the mystic spirituality, so potent in

the old Celtic poetry and so slightly discernible in the Saxon. Dr. Sigerson has done much beside mere translation of ancient texts to perpetuate the spell. So also have Mr. Whitely Stokes and Dr. Todhunter; while William Allingham is a curious combination of the Irish consorting with the Pre-Raphaelites. The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke and Dr. Douglas Hyde represent the critical current of the movement. The minor ballad writers, in turn, deserve recognition. Standish James O'Grady also has a distinct standing, with many another of a younger generation. Of these Lionel Johnson was unique in what Mr. Yeats calls "his ecstasy of combat." Whether just or unjust, the most interesting criticism of living men is that of those who know them personally, and who, allowing for individual expression, are working toward the same end. Yet such judgment cannot be final, though the recent death of Lionel Johnson has finished his attainment, and places a value on the opinion of his contemporaries beyond that which it had while he was still living and writing among them. Whether an ultimate estimate will concur with Mr. Yeats or not cannot now be determined. Mr. Yeats has said of Lionel Johnson's work that it both wearies and exalts; that "he has made a world full of altar lights and golden vestures, and murmured Latin and incense clouds, and autumn winds and dead leaves, where one wanders remembering martyrdoms and courtesies that the world has forgotten."

The emergence of women into poetry is one of the interesting developments of the modern Celtic effort. It is curious that with all the liberty of thought and action accorded women during the great periods of English literature they have never given a paramount name to poetry. But among these moderns there are several women of unusual attainment; more than have ever be-

fore assisted at any concerted literary movement. Mrs. Hinkson, Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter), Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), and above all Miss Fiona Macleod, have done work which must avail. Nora Hopper excels both in verse and prose. Her "Ballads in Prose" possess masculine strength and feminine tenderness, the wild and sweetening magic of "old forgotten far-off things" and the witchery of sunshine. In her verse she has trodden underfoot the flower of sorrow while singing a "wonderful, wistful, whispering song." The song has a faëry lilt at times wrought of Druid enchantment and love immortal and the gentle color which is green and the "honey-sweet folk." She seldom strikes the note of "the joy that is one with sorrow" as does Miss Fiona Macleod. And pleasing as is the work of Nora Hopper, it is this more sombre insight, this tragic perception of the deep-sea heart, this realization that the joy that is one with sorrow "treads an immortal way," which makes Miss Macleod's vision more complete and places her not only as a leader among the Celtic women, but as a leader among all who are troubled and solaced by the poetic vision. "All poetry is in a sense memory," she says; and all who dwell in memory are deeply conscious of the "old, old, weary human tears" that have always blinded human eyes. The prose of Fiona Macleod is, perhaps, less shadow-wrought than her verse; and nowhere does she lose her just perception of the universality of beauty. Indeed, it is this very perception and realization of the divergence between the ideal beauty and actual conditions that cause the sadness; a seeking after the Land of Youth is the cry of the exile debarred from his own; is in truth but another version of the prayer of Sophocles.

The personality of Fiona Macleod has excited much speculation, being attributed variously to William Sharp,

to Nora Hopper and W. B. Yeats jointly, and even to a syndicate of writers. Just the reason for so much mystery it is difficult to determine. The internal evidence of her work, while of course open to the mistakes ever possible where such evidence is concerned, tends to vindicate her claims of being a woman, for could any but a woman evolve such an ideal of woman-kind as the panegyric in "Green Fire"; of her being a native of Iona; of her loving beyond everything the traditions and emotions of the Celts? She herself writes, "I was born more than a thousand years ago, in the remote region of Gaeldom known as the Hills of Dream;" and, after all, what more than this quaint identification is needed except by those diseased with a desire to pry into the private concerns of another? To Fiona Macleod the Land of Heart's Desire, the White Isle of the Gaelic dreamer, is her native Iona. She has, during the last nine or ten years, published a number of romances full of "the dreaming wisdom"; and a good deal of verse, most of which is comprised in a little volume entitled "From the Hills of Dream." The distinctive touch throughout is the divine sanity which is nowhere lost in the mysticism of the beauty. And she has expressed concisely her creed in the words, "There is no true art saved by a moral purpose, though all true art is spiritually informed," which adequately preserves the subtle yet intense distinction between moral and spiritual, over which the modern critics quibble.

George W. Russell—who writes under the initials A. E.—is another voicing of the "heartbreak over fallen things." Mr. Yeats considers "Homeward Songs by the Way" and "The Earth Breath" as the most delicate verse any Irishman of our time has written; and gives a brief account of how, not many years ago, a few young men who were filled with the mystic

sadness which attends a perception of invisible beauty, met regularly together in Dublin to discuss great problems from an ethical point of view, and to read papers, and commune upon spiritual matters. Of this number was A. E., who has since excelled in the expression of the philosophy attained through pain—a philosophy that in no way undervalues the enchantment which “lingers in the honey-heart of earth.”

But undoubtedly the high priest of accomplishment is Mr. William Butler Yeats. He is a young man whose first poem, “The Island of Statues” appeared in the “Dublin University Review” when he was nineteen years old. In his mysticism he transcends the Celtic spirit, even evincing at times a Maeterlinckian tendency; yet always there is present a touch of limpid wistfulness combined with a certain reservation of manner. Everywhere the subdued rhythm of life and thought throbs into an increasing consciousness. Everywhere there is a laying hold upon the belief supreme that—

“each within himself hath all
The world within his folded heart
His temple and his banquet hall;”

which is but a new vestment of steadfastness for the old truth of “being” as over and above “doing.” Recently Mr. Yeats has been charged with overlooking the human, putting it too much aside as insufficient even in its proper place; but indeed he is no mere visionary; no philosopher of dreams alone. Surely none can brood upon “The Land of Heart’s Desire” or such a love poem as “When You are Old” without feeling the attainment of the spiritual through the human, and not in spite of it. Along with his invocation to “empty your heart of its mortal dream” he voices his love for “the common things that crave”; but so intent is he on an earth spiritualized as

sometimes to bewilder his readers and his critics.

Undoubtedly Mr. Yeats’s best achievement, as well as his latest, is the dramatic poem “The Shadowy Waters.” In it, as Miss Macleod says, he “has forsaken the acute moment, become lyrical for the lyrical thought become continuous.” Its underlying symbolism is not unlike that of “The Land of Heart’s Desire”—that is, the spiritual appeal to the “lonely in heart” up, and beyond, and inevitable, to something immeasurably greater and more enduring than human effort can ever hope for, is the same in each. The song of the soul does indeed float out and back to earth like the song of an invisible skylark, bidding the eyes of man to look up and not down, at the same time that it soars on and on, higher and higher into the blue and sunlit heavens. In “The Land of Heart’s Desire” Mr. Yeats makes use of the old Irish legend of a bride’s being enticed away from her home and her beloved by the fairies; the appeal comes to the heart of a pure and untried girl. In “The Shadowy Waters” it is a Gaelic prince, tired of life and war and love who seeks the insistent Ideal; in each case the mortal puts on immortality.

“The Shadowy Waters” is ideally and musically dramatic; though too ethereal in conception and too delicate of outline ever to warrant actual presentation. It is an “intense fable of the spirit,” as Ernest Rhys has said of one of Miss Macleod’s books; a fable in which the “old spell of the sea, the old cry of the wind,” the insistence of the solacing human, form a sweet, dim, “gray romance” background for that insoluble desire of the pure in heart.

This quest of the Ideal is indeed the quest of the Celt. It is the modern as it was the old-time vision of the San Grael. And those who seek are ever hastening toward accomplishment.

Letter from Paris

PARIS, December, 1902.

ANOTHER very busy month has passed, and we are entering upon a new period of literary, dramatic and general activity. New books, new plays and new pamphlets appear nearly every day. Novelists and dramatists seem to be striving to their utmost, and the critics are fairly out of breath. General trade may be bad, and we have had several financial "Krachs," but in the world of writers and publishers everything seems to be flourishing, at least on the surface, although to be precise, one hears more about the stage successes than about the books which found a "*succès de librairie*."

Among forthcoming works will be Paul Adam's "Au Soleil de Juillet" and Anatole France's "Histoire Comique," a rather weak title for the book of such an author. Paul Adam is a fine "stylist," as well as France. Anatole France is to give us a love drama with intercalated studies of social and theatrical Paris. The two novels will first appear in serial form in the "Revue de Paris." Mabel Hermant, who has been ill of late, is bringing out a new serial in "La Revue" called "Confession d'un homme d'aujourd'hui," which promises a good deal.

Among notable novels of the month, M. Léo Claretie, a versatile writer, has been trying his hand on a book dealing with University life. M. Claretie has evidently been inspired by Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir" and by Bourget's "Disciple."

Madame Stanislas Meunier has also

written a rather notable novel, "Confessions d'honnêtes femmes," which is repulsive in plot, but many will appreciate the writer's style. In another order of ideas, altogether, we have a book on what may be termed stable life, of "Jim Blackwood, Jockey," which sounds like "Israel Mort, Overman."

A book worthy of some attention, although not a novel, is "Avant la Gloire," by Henry d'Alméras. This is a book for young persons who aspire to a literary reputation. They will be surprised to find in it that some of the most celebrated French authors of the present time, as well as in the past, had tremendous struggles before they emerged from obscurity to "catch the skirts of happy chance."

Hellenists who are numerous in Paris, where ancient Greece is still held in high respect, find much to interest them in M. Victor Bérard's book, "Les Phéniciens et l'Odysée." M. Bérard and his wife, provided with their Homer, a copy of Strabo, a good kodak and large note-books, went to Greece and travelled over all, or nearly all, the ground covered of old by that famous wanderer and wildest of Greeks, Ulysses or Odysseus. The French writer wants to show that the Odyssey is realistic—that is to say, that it was constructed according to all the Hellenic ideas of order, harmony, just proportion and faithful reproduction of nature and life, and that Homer drew nothing from his imagination, but utilized the vast mass of information practically placed at his disposal by Phœnician mariners.

M. Bérard places the island of Calypso off the African coast near Gibraltar, and duly ascribes to modern Corfu the honor and distinction of being ancient Phæacia and the scene of the memorable meeting between Ulysses and Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous. Everybody knows that Corfu or Korkyra has long been regarded as the place of the shipwreck of the king, or rather of the ancient mariner, of Ithaca, but the locality was disputed by Riemann in his archaeological treatise on the Ionian islands. M. Bérard has now revindicated the claim of the celebrated island to its antique associations. He is an enthusiastic believer in the Odyssey and in the "Greek" Ulysses. The Odyssey he regards, like Mr. James Russell Lowell, as the "true type of the allegory which we read without suspicion as pure poem, and then find a new pleasure in divining its double meaning," a sentence, by the way, manifestly based on the opening words of Pope's postscript to his translation of the Homeric poem. As to the "Greek" Ulysses, it is not M. Bérard who is inclined to take Baur's theory that the wandering mariner was a Hebrew, that Nausicaa was the Sulamite and that Phæacia was Canaan, as serious. He gives us back in fact our old Ulysses, father of Telemachus, who looms not only in the pages of Homer, but in those of Dante, Tasso and Pulci. Dante, notably, in the twenty-sixth canto of the "Inferno," describes the "imagined" voyage of Ulysses to the west, where he saw Gibraltar and Ceuta, and refers to Seville, "Sibilia" as being on the Ithacan's right in his course toward the Atlantic.

Like Balzac, another great Frenchman of rather different intellectual mould from the author of the "Comédie Humaine" collection, namely, Chateaubriand, is being brought back to the recollection of readers. We have his "loves," his "amours," as

we have those of Sand and De Musset. The "Revue Blanc" gives the amatory epistles which passed between the author of the "Génie du Christianisme," and a certain marquise who was married to a high customs official at Toulouse. The love letters began in 1827, when the marquise was forty-eight, and Chateaubriand fifty-nine, but they seem to have known each other long before. The collection of epistles will form eventually a book which will appeal to the sentimental as well as to those who prefer literary compositions in the style of the early part of the last century, to the so-called "écriture artiste" of the present age.

Another reminder of the past is M. Joseph Lavergne's, or rather his mother's (Madame Julie Lavergne) "Les Stuarts à St. Germain," a most interesting old-time revival with, therein, Louis Quatorze, James the Second of England and his wife Mary Beatrice d'Este, daughter of Alphonsus d'Este and Laura Martinozzi, who was married at the age of fifteen, in 1673, to James when he was Duke of York. Madame Lavergne touches everything with the devotion of a Royalist and a Catholic, but she is not above allusions to the disorderly youth of James the Second, to his first marriage and to his amours.

In a preceding letter I wrote about the novel "L'Associée," by Lucien Muhlfeld, which was remarkably well received by the public; but while the press was ringing with the praises of the book its author was dying. I had previously missed him from the first nights at the theatres, for Muhlfeld was a leading dramatic critic as well as a novelist and a general writer of versatile talent. The man was full of promise, and was only a little over thirty. After having studied law and literature in the University, he was for some time assistant librarian at the Sorbonne.

Like many others, however, such as Jules Lemaitre and Francisque Sarcey and Edmond About, not to mention more modern men, such as Emile Faguet, he was inclined towards journalism and the stage more than to daily commerce with books and scholars. He left the classic corridors of the Sorbonne and descended on the central boulevards, where he began his literary, journalistic career by writing for the "Gaulois," the "Echo de Paris" and other papers. He married the sister of Paul Adam, and everything prophesied success when death intervened. He only wrote three novels, "La Carrière d'André Tourrette," "Le Mauvais Désir" and "L'Associée." In the last he tried his hand at the delineation of feminine character, always difficult for a man, but productive of fame if well done. Poor Muhlfeld, although a scholar, did not disdain to make an effect at first nights by his diamond studs, his single eyeglass and his spotlessly white gloves.

Belgian literary men have arrived at the conclusion that their interests require careful looking after in their own country. The fat little land across our northern border has produced within the past twenty years some remarkable poets and prose writers. Most of these, and notably Maurice Maeterlinck and Georges Rodenbach, the sweet singer of antique Bruges, became Parisians. Maeterlinck lives in Paris for a great portion of the year, and poor Rodenbach died here after having written copiously for the newspapers and given to the world such imperishable work as that in "Les Tristesses" and the "Jeunesse Blanche," which remind one of Longfellow and also of some of the American word-pictures in the books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is nothing in French literature comparable to the work of Rodenbach, but there is too little of it. He has some fellow-countrymen who nearly equal

him as a poet, Verhaeren, for instance, most descriptive of nature-poets. The literary Belgians have now determined to protect themselves at home by founding a "Société de gens de lettres" like that of Paris. Among the promoters of the movement are Camille Lemonnier, Des Ombiaux, Emile Verhaeren, Iwan Gilkin, Octave Maus, Souguenet, Mahutte, Sander Pierron and a few more. It is to be hoped that the Belgians will learn to appreciate their great writers as much as the Parisians do. The latter, or some of them, carefully read all the Belgian writers and even enjoy Georges Eckhond's strong, naturalistic works. This is the author who, like Maxim Gorky, the Russian, has described the wild lives of the tramps, those of Belgium, who vegetate in that large, sandy plain near Antwerp called the Campine. He wrote "Mes Communions" after having lived among these rascals, but his better books are the "Faneuse d'Amour" and "Escal Vigor." It is noteworthy that French critics find nothing to carp at in the style of the Belgian poets and novelists.

Emile Faguet, the critic and academician, recently vindicated their claims to the possession of good, if archaic, French, much better than that of Paris. He holds that the languages spoken away from the centre have every chance of being excellently spoken, since they are composed of archaic expressions. Such is the French spoken at Geneva, at Lausanne, in Canada, and in Belgium. This sounds like a philological heresy, but it is to be remembered that M. Faguet is a serious writer and means what he says. The so-called "provincial" French which is ridiculed by Parisians, is, he holds, the French of the seventeenth century, and is therefore a good alloy. This, he adds, cannot be said of the French of the nineteenth century, nor of the eighteenth, except in the cases of writers like Vol-

taire, who wrote the language of the preceding century.

In the dramatic line we have had Coquelin the elder in the "Deux Consciences," a play in which a pious priest and a respectable freethinker air their separate views on the problems of life. The play has not made a success, and Coquelin is accordingly preparing for a long European and American tour. The author of the "Deux Consciences" is a government official, M. Burdeau, who writes on colonial subjects for the papers. He used the *nom de guerre* of Paul Anthelme for his plays.

Antoine is busy at his theatre. The adaptation of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" at the Odéon looks like a success, and the people at the "Oeuvre" have been reviving Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" and the "Enemy of the People" for a chosen few.

All these things are bound to pale before the "Théroigne de Méricourt," which Paul Hervieu has ready for Sarah Bernhardt sooner than was expected. The play will probably be performed by the time these lines reach New York, and the verdict of the public will have been given. There is no doubt that Hervieu made a masterly choice of a subject. Anne Joseph Terwagne, alias de Méricourt, was no uncommon woman, and lived in no ordinary times. She was born at Marcourt in Belgian Luxembourg in 1762, and died in Paris in 1817, exactly two years after Waterloo. She is supposed to have run away from her native village with a young nobleman, and lived for a time in England. Settling in Paris, she accepted the new notions with avidity, and tried to rehabilitate herself, as her reputation was

gone, by joining in the Revolution. Lamartine says that this "rehabilitation" was to be founded on the ruins of the aristocracy to whom Théroigne attributed her amorous disappointments and her fall. She had a sort of salon in the Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg Palace, now the Senate of the Third Republic, and there she received Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins and the rest. She went about in "Amazonian" costume and carried pistols, and was called by the Republicans "la première Amazone de la Liberté," whereas the Royalists denounced her as the vilest of women. She had to fly to Liège in 1791, and the Royalists denounced her to the Austrians, who took her to Vienna a prisoner, but the Emperor Leopold gave her a full pardon, and she returned to France, where she was whipped by women in the Tuilleries gardens and went mad. Théroigne was sent to Salpêtrière, and partially recovered her reason before she died. She had long been forgotten until Paul Hervieu resolved to utilize the phases of her wild and wandering life for the stage.

Maurice Donnay, a former "Chat Noirist," is promising to follow Rostand and Hervieu in the line of historic drama. Donnay is the man who revived in modern French style that very lively comedy of old Aristophanes, "Lysistrata." He is bringing out a comedy this month at the Théâtre Française, and he then proposes to dramatize the remarkable career of Cardinal Mazarin. He will also make a play one of these days out of the adventures of Armande Béjart, Molière's wife.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Mr. Stopford Brooke's Study of Browning

BY BLISS CARMAN

WITH all the vogue Browning has had in the past ten or fifteen years, there has never been until now any competent study of his work, commensurate in scope with his wonderful prodigality, and adequate in critical insight to interpret his subtle and varied imagination. It has been left for Mr. Stopford Brooke to supply such a work. One hesitates to call so thorough and masterly an essay a handbook. It seems too big for that, too individual in tone, too sure in touch; and yet that is the great use it will serve—as a handbook for the study of the greatest of the Victorian poets. And so exhaustive, penetrating, and temperate has Mr. Brooke been, that he has produced not merely a valuable aid to Browning students, but the one invaluable book on the subject. For while his judgments are sound and his instincts sure, his style is everywhere simple and uninvolved. So that his voluminous work, painstaking and conscientious as it is, ought to make confirmed Browningites even among the non-elect.

Mr. Brooke's treatment of his subject is perhaps the most helpful he could have chosen. Beginning with the obvious, he devotes the first of his eighteen chapters to contrasting Browning and Tennyson; the next two to Browning's Treatment of Nature; then on his Theory of Human

Life; next on Browning as the Poet of Art; then two on *Sordello*; one on the Dramas; one on the Poems of the Passion of Love; one on the Passions other than Love; then two each on Imaginative Representatives and Womanhood; and finally a chapter each on "*Balaustion*," "*The Ring and the Book*," "*Later Poems*," and "*Last Poems*."

This does not give us a chronological survey of Browning, but it forms a much more convenient and ready introduction to his work, and enables us in the end to see thoroughly the development of his genius. In the comparison of Browning with Tennyson Mr. Stopford Brooke is particularly illuminating and happy. He contrasts them in their public fortune, Tennyson coming early into fame and remaining the figurehead of English letters through a long life, Browning for the greater part of his life working without recognition and coming to his own only after long years of public neglect; Tennyson followed by a host of imitators, Browning working alone and unapproached; Tennyson the representative poet of his time, reflecting every change of thought through which his country passed, Browning the prophet of a new era, quite detached from the sentiments and atmosphere of his own day; Tennyson so recluse in his life and so conven-

tional in his thought, and Browning so unconventional, so daring, so original in his philosophy, and so strict a conformist in all social custom.

Tennyson's great vogue and Browning's continued lack of popularity for so many years, we have all recognized; and we have too lightly attributed his slow growth in popular favor to Browning's obscurity. Mr. Brooke points out with admirable clearness that Browning was in many ways a forerunner of our own time. Forty years before people learned to care for the psychological novel, Browning was writing the subtlest kind of psychologic studies of character; and when finally we came up to that point in our national and racial life, there we found him. Forty years before we cared for impressionism in art, Browning was using it; and when at last we learned to look at things in that way, there were Browning's vivid drafts and sketches to delight us.

Again Browning satisfied the growing critical spirit, the love of historic investigation. People began to want to know about other times and countries as they really were; they wanted actual accurate transcripts from life. These they found in abundance in Browning's work, and did not find in Tennyson's. Poems like "A Death in the Desert," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Abt Vogler," and "Bishop Blougram's Apology," are absolutely faithful historic studies, lifelike in their portraiture and logical in their psychology. Whereas Tennyson's studies, like *Tithonus* in the "Idylls of the King," were all modernized. Tennyson was picturesque and always spoke with his own voice; Browning was dramatic and took on the very accent of the person he chose to represent.

Again the Victorian era was a time of discord and doubt and distraction, with immense new truths to be harmonized, new ideals to be realized—a time of discovery, expansion, invention, when old orders were broken up and the new order was not yet apparent. In the midst of this confusion the Victorian poets were for the most part at a loss. With no certitude of belief offered them from without, they were quite incapable of evolving

one for themselves. William Morris's socialism was still not definite enough to hold men's faith, while his poetry had no foundation whatever in modern life, no sympathy with modern aspirations. Matthew Arnold beheld in the turmoil all about him only the mad bewilderment of disintegration; he did not see the actual youth and strength of the new ideas which were invading the world; and his poems took on the sad tone of melancholy so characteristic of him and so alien to the boisterous temper of his age. Tennyson at times declared his confidence in the ultimate goodness and reasonableness of the world, but always with a good deal of misgiving; his optimism was only half-hearted at best, and while he caught men's attention by reflecting the trend of their current thought, he had no profound and convincing teaching to give them. In Browning alone was there ever a consuming core of faith, consistent from youth to age, and making all his work luminous with glad assurance. And it was only as we came to realize our own troublous state, that we recognized in Browning the one confident voice of cheerful reassurance. Of all the prophets of his time, he alone is strong and unperturbed amid the distraction of warring fads and disintegrating creeds; he alone is never once unsettled in his mind, never once uncertain of the profounder abiding truths of the human soul and the spiritual experience of the race. Others may falter and doubt, turning hither and thither vainly for guidance; they may revert to the plaintive Virgilian cry, so winsome and so hopeless; they may seek to lose themselves in ancient legend or mediæval diction or frothy inventions of remote imagination; only Browning is firmly fixed in the here and now, uttering words of brave import and glad comfort, as ever was the wont of great poets of all times. For the weak spirit is abashed before danger and doubt, but the strong are only stronger for the difficulty—only adhere the more stoutly to the faith which seems to them so clear.

Mr. Stopford Brooke is not, however, a blind admirer of Browning. He notes his shortcomings very keenly, and states them very clearly. He is particularly

decided in his criticism of those admirers of Browning's work who pick out all the difficult poems for analysis and delight in their tortuous psychology. But what these people admire is not poetry; it is science. And, as our critic shows plainly, there is far too much scientific prose in Browning. His piercing, curious, restless mind was not always thoroughly fused with emotion. It often went off on long excursions by itself, producing passages of sheer prose, interesting but unilluminated, accurate but cold. After the completion of "The Ring and the Book," there followed a period when Browning hardly wrote any great poetry at all—only psychologic studies in metrical prose. There is no doubt that the four volumes, "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," and "The Iron Album," could all be spared from Browning's works without any loss to the lovers of poetry. For in these works the intellectual element (as Mr. Brooke says) has completely overpowered and thrust out the imaginative.

One other very penetrating piece of criticism Mr. Stopford Brooke has in his essay, and that is in regard to the relative peace of Nature and Man in Browning's work. He notes the constant reference to Nature and interpretation of her in the earlier half of the poet's life, the many superb passages relating to Nature in "Paracelsus" and the shorter early poems; then the distinct interest in humanity as wholly apart from Nature, growing more and more absorbing, until in "The Ring and the Book" there is scarcely a reference to Nature at all, so engrossed had Browning become in Man and the psychology of action. And parallel to this change of interest, we are to note a steady decline, not in Browning's insight, indeed, but in his power to make poetry. When he neglected Nature he lost the capacity to be beautiful, he lost his art and grew to be a Scientist. This is a very striking fact in his career, and, sad as it is, full of suggestion and warning. It bids us beware of following the intricate searchings of the mind too far in art, to the neglect of mere beauty; for man represents the mental side of Nature,

and to try to divorce him from his mysterious and beautiful surroundings is to fall into the mistake of seeing life in fragments, not as a whole.

These then are the two chief features of Mr. Stopford Brooke's admirable and authentic monograph: an exhaustive comparative criticism of Browning, relating him to his own time, and distinguishing him among his contemporaries; and a careful elaborate analysis of all his work, showing at once its strength and its fatal defects, attributable to Browning's character and life. A model of temperate criticism and luminous interpretation.

ROBERT BROWNING. *By Stopford A. Brooke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50, net.*

THE PIT. *By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

BY HERBERT CROLY.

THE fact that the late Mr. Frank Norris was the most promising of the younger generation of American novelists lends a sombre and exceptional interest to the publication of "The Pit," his last novel. We may not say how far he would have gone, but his brief career showed him to be a man of enterprising and ambitious literary ideas, of original insight, and of indefinite powers of self-discipline and improvement. It was this combination of ideas, of gifts, and of latent powers, which gave him his peculiar place and tempted his admirers to look forward with eager confidence to his prospective work. For, considerable as his achievement had already been, it was obviously that of a man who was changing and learning rapidly, and who had by no means hit upon the ideas that would best inform his material, or upon a consistent and satisfactory vehicle of expression. His idea, for instance, of the "Epic of the Wheat," born as it was of a vague naturalistic symbolism, was not in itself a very happy and fruitful idea for a Trilogy of novels. In "The Octopus" the symbolism was insistently forced

upon the reader's attention, and not infrequently it interfered with the motion, and blurred the vividness which, in spite of all obstacles, he still succeeded in imparting to his story. Yet, although this idea of his was at its best more akin to poetry than to fiction, and at its worst became almost a bore, the mere fact that Frank Norris had enough imagination to conceive it and enough literary hardihood to begin its execution upon a large scale, was an innovation and a promise which we would not exchange for any number of small literary congruities.

"The Pit," the second of the proposed Trilogy, suffers in some respects more than does "The Octopus" from the naturalistic symbolism of the central idea, and in some respects less. Since the raising of the wheat is much more vital and comprehensive to the life of an agricultural community than is the trading therein to the people of a great city like Chicago, he was able to group around the drama of its growth a more diversified, interesting and relevant set of people than he could around the Chicago wheat pit. Hence "The Octopus" is the richer and the less exclusive in its human material of the two books, and Mr. Norris was more at home in handling the affairs and passions of a comparatively primitive community than he was in dealing with the complexities of city life. The more important male characters of the second book are, in particular, a distinct disappointment, and have none of them the value of Annixter or Magnus Derrick in the earlier novel. In every case they are most intelligently conceived; it is only too easy to see what the author is driving at; but he as plainly fails to make his intentions good. Neither is he much more successful with his heroine, Laura Jadwin, upon whom he has accumulated the best and the most that he knew about womankind. She remains artistically a striking failure, who, although much more interesting than many successes, is so elaborately and consciously put together that the mechanism of her make-up interferes with its complete effect. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, which were largely due to a more rebellious material, "The Pit" is in some other respects an

equally plain improvement on "The Octopus." For one thing, Mr. Norris avoided the bad taste of pointing his moral with the like of the cheap sentimental contrasts of the earlier book; he has given himself up in a more single-minded way to his central story; he has been somewhat more lenient in the use of his naturalistic symbolism; and above all he has succeeded better than before in making the drama of "The Pit" continually and progressively vivid; and this sustained vividness and constantly accelerating momentum of his story constitutes a rare and admirable literary achievement. Although many American novelists have tried for something of the kind, only a few have succeeded in reaching it; and among these Frank Norris ranks near the top. His last novel combines popular and serious qualities to an altogether unusual extent. It both excites the liveliest interest and demands the most careful consideration. It is a book to be read by everybody.

It is interesting to note that the ordinarily critical classifications fail utterly to confine this author. He is at once realist, romanticist and symbolist. He is realist, because the raw material of his novels is derived from the observation of very ordinary people, and because he has at times even sought to portray some of the ugliest and most brutal aspects of human nature; yet he is romantic to the core, because he gives a highly dramatic interpretation of this material, and because he arranges his stories so that they culminate in some romantically appropriate event; and finally he is symbolist, because his stories have, properly speaking, no heroes and heroines, no dominating and triumphant personalities. His people are the creatures of large cosmic realities and processes, such as gold or the passage of the wheat, which infect their imaginations, and sweep them along to some appointed issue. It was not Curtis Jadwin who cornered the wheat; it was the wheat, as the author reiterates, that cornered Jadwin. Mr. Norris did not succeed in writing a masterpiece, in which these apparently incongruous elements were perfectly fused; he remained to the end an innovator and an experimentalist; but he experimented in a large

and bold fashion, which is more than any other American author is now doing.

IN THE GATES OF ISRAEL. *By Herman Bernstein. J. F. Taylor and Co., New York. \$1.50.*

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

THERE was a time when stories of Jewish life were replete with new characters, novel ideas, and striking scenes, most of which were true to life; but with the growth of the Ghetto literature and a certain striving for the unique and the typical on part of some of the writers there have sprung up a number of stock situations, accepted motives and conventional casts which are no longer so true to conditions because they are depicted so often, because they have been made to serve time in so many tales. They no longer represent real life, because they have been carried to a disproportionate importance.

In the beginning, the story is fashioned after reality, but afterwards the writer fills all reality with nearly the same old story. Mr. Bernstein has also been tempted by some often-used figures and situations, but he did not improve them, nor did they add anything to his art. But there are other plots in this volume, and, on the whole, the author has many stories to tell, but he has not the art with which to tell them. There is an awkwardness, a clumsiness, a lack of directness in the telling which mars some of the best of these narratives. The author seems to be overwhelmed with his material—often excellent material—with no sense of its most valuable elements and does not know how to deal with it. For instance, "The Straight Hunchback" would have been a splendid story if the author had not been so anxious to have a double romance in it, and if he did not necessarily drag all his characters to the roof of the tenement house in order that he may describe "the glittering stars." Mr. Bernstein knows his people and the life they live, but it is not enough to be true to life. One must give life, one must endow his beings with vitality, illumine their existence with

the human glow; otherwise the best pictures that are painted are dead, and their nearness to reality does not even enable the characters to stand on their feet. These gifts are often denied to the people in these stories and they suffer accordingly. The author lacks artistic poignancy and dramatic potency, but he possesses on the other hand strong sympathy, that helps him greatly in the satisfactory fulfillment of the task that he has set himself.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *By George E. Woodberry. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.10, net.*

BY TEMPLE SCOTT

THE story Professor Woodberry had to tell is, as story, a simple one enough. A young man brought up in the provincial atmosphere of a small New England town, living secluded from his family, nursing ambitions which may have had for their impulse the desire to do for Puritan New England what Scott had done for Covenanting Old England—brooding, thinking, hoping, living, and loving. A life of lonely meditation, followed by a marriage of exquisite felicity, though that also was shot through with the dun colors of poverty and want; a struggling onwards and upwards to the realization of a freedom, not only from the carking cares of household demands, but also from the fetters with which all fine spirits are bound, because of a continual failure to obtain the recognition which they inwardly know to be their due. Finally, the "volume dun" of the atmosphere, transfigured in the golden light of success, and then the quiet, unnoticed passing away of the noble and pure spirit.

It was not in Professor Woodberry's province to tell us much of Hawthorne the citizen, the husband, the father, the friend, though enough of these sides of the great New Englander's character are touched upon to give us a broad sense of the man. It is as an American man of letters that Hawthorne is here dealt with; and as a man of letters, we are compelled

to take him even as Professor Woodberry will have it. That is the compliment any reader of this book must pay him. He is a fine master in the art of criticism. With sympathy and insight for Hawthorne's most secret impulses, he reveals to us the Hawthorne who did really live for the sake of doing the work he did.

The secluded and almost cloistral life, through which Hawthorne brooded, found him, even after years of its experience very near to the humanity from which he had removed himself. The best qualities of his nature found sustenance in the hope that some day he might do such work as would bring him the world's commendation, and all his labors in that chamber under the eaves were labors towards the minting of a currency which should be accepted as gold of the realm of literature. In time it was so accepted, and the author of "The Scarlet Letter" was drawn from his hermitage, to receive the thanks of a grateful and astonished people.

What there is in this remarkable romance to have compelled and still continues to compel our homage, let the reader find by a perusal of the fifth chapter of Professor Woodberry's critical biography. Its invested spirit and constructive power are there revealed and analyzed with such ample satisfaction, that we rise from the book with a completer sense, not only of the value of Hawthorne's work as literature, but of the value of the author as a creator.

From Professor Woodberry's point of view, Hawthorne's story must be accounted less than a great work. That point of view is, evidently, not altogether one which looks upon "The Scarlet Letter" as merely a picture of Puritan New England. It would be a little matter, we are told, if it distorted the Puritan ideal; it fails because it distorts the spiritual life itself. Is this quite so? Would Hawthorne have been a greater artist—that is, would he have been truer to life—if he had interpreted its circumstances and conditions, and motived his actors in it, according to a theory of Divine government which, be it never so alluring and captivating, is but a theory after all? His business was, surely, to

deal with the elements as he saw them in play, and not to fit them into some scheme of universal government. We are, of course, assuming that the Christian's generalization is, to the Professor, the truth of the matter. If, in this book, "mercy is but a hope" and "evil presented as a thing without remedy, that cannot change its nature," and the absolving power of Christ to be found only in the direction of public confession, are not these deeply and utterly true of life itself? Nor is it, to say thus, to affirm a belief in scientific pessimism, as Professor Woodberry would have it. Is it not rather an affirmation of the validity of that spirituality which the Professor rightly holds to be at the foundation of a true democracy? If Hawthorne dealt with Puritan New England, he dealt with it as he saw it, and the judgment passed upon him from the dicta of transcendent ethics is *ultra vires*. If, however, he dealt with human life and took the Puritan New England as the scene of action only, such dicta are inapplicable because they would limit life within the formulas of schoolmen and theologians, and these are less than life.

The people of "The Scarlet Letter" sinned, and they sinned not only in the life they lived as individuals, but in the truer and deeper life, as members of a community; and in that life mercy is but a hope, and evil cannot change its nature. The only atonement that leads to the holier life is the atonement which makes of evil the stepping-stone to good. For, in this life of grace, virtue is achieved by a conquest over evil, and this struggle is attempted because of the demands of our nature for a realization of that unity of the Spirit of which we are, as members, aspects. In the tragedies which occur in most of our lives, we are either less or greater than our creeds. At those times we are moved by a power as much without us as within us. Our issue from the afflictions depends, in a large measure, on the nobility of our habits of thought and life, and the harmony of these with the truest social life. The power without Hester was greater than the power within her; hence the pitifulness of her story. "The Scarlet Letter" fails, not because

the story is wanting in the grace of Puritan Christianity, but because it is not irradiated with the gracious influence of love itself. That is why Hawthorne's picture is a partial picture and not a picture of the whole; and Professor Woodberry's final words, broadly interpreted, emphasize this. The book is dark because the light of love is wanting.

Professor Woodberry notes as a fault in Hawthorne that he appears unsympathetic with his characters. Surely this is not altogether a fault? Sympathy is rather a weakness than a strength, in an artist. His work is so to deal with his subject as to arouse sympathy in us and to sink as far as he can his own. What greater compliment could be paid to the creation of any artist than to say of it that "the pity one feels is not in him, but in the pitiful thing"? And what truer sympathy could the artist show than to make us realize the pitifulness of the thing he is revealing? Is not this to have achieved greatly?



THE HENCHMAN. *By Mark Lee Luther.*
The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE first thing to be remarked about this book is that notwithstanding its imperfections—of which there are many—it is a novel. "The Henchman" is a story of political life in New York, and is really a character study, and not an adventure story under the wrong name.

"The name of Calvin Ross Shelby," announces the orator of the Convention, "spells success." There are times when the prospects look gloomy, but no one can attribute it to Shelby. He is the candidate for Congress from the "Demijohn District," and he plays the game of politics for all it is worth. He has worked his way up from the very bottom, and with the help of his law partner has just succeeded in packing a Convention to the satisfactory density.

All these inside views of the political world are interesting, and Mr. Luther knows the subject thoroughly. In the story of the boss and the governor there is, besides, a faint suggestion of actuality

which piques the reader's curiosity not a little.

The real merit of the book is as a character study; the hero is a living person. Strange to say, for all his devious ways the reader learns to admire him—for Shelby has ideals of his own, and as you follow the changing events of his political career you see him becoming impressed with the weight of new responsibilities, and rising to new occasions. In the end he goes down because he is no longer willing to sacrifice what he believes to be the public interest at the command of the boss. This climax of the story is particularly well handled, and leaves a distinct impression.

U. S.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS. *By Jack London.* J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

A REAL book, and a real man behind it, is "A Daughter of the Snows." At the same time it is a nondescript book, by an author who, despite his virility and dramatic power, does not as yet know how to construct a novel. But in the face of its deplorable technic of construction, of its hopelessness in its several passages of social persiflage, of its violation of the dictionary, the book has to be accepted as a notable production by a writer of potentiality and promise.

The author knows a great deal about the gold fields of the Yukon and the raw human nature that flourishes there, more than he knows of drawing-rooms. He comprehends the strange and mystical romance of the Arctic atmosphere, and he is convincing in the accuracy of his reproduction; he is so convincing as to an extraordinary truth-telling of ice-floods, and migrations, and the routine and riot of life, and the exhilaration in the air, and the rugged honesty of all things including vice, so genuine in the entire background of the story, that his faultiness and crudity in the development of certain leading characters are easily tolerated.

The novel has several passages of exquisite dramatic power. One of these is a veritable classic—where the right-

hearted old Irishman goes to the shack of his daughter's accepted but unworthy lover, warns him on pain of his life "not to lay holy hands or otherwise" on the girl, and when the fellow levels his revolver at him, the Irishman's superb contempt utterly unnerves his purpose. This scene could so easily have lapsed into the melodramatic that the maintenance of its exaltation is nothing short of masterly. Of another kind, yet not inferior, is the memorable scene of the struggle of the canoe with the titanic break up of the ice on the Yukon; few descriptions equal it in unconsciously vivid style.

Such passages of great power through simplicity of phrase indicate what is in the man. He moves you like Kipling: you think of Kipling, indeed, a good many times. The worst of it is—and here is another of the contrasts in the book—you fancy that sometimes the author himself is thinking of Kipling. That is when his style goes booming along in unceasing, uncontrolled brilliancy. You wish he was less conscious of himself. You reflect that the characters and scenes in literature that live forever have not come in gorgeous language; they live in the style of reticence and simplicity. If Mr. London will not disdain to learn from his failures, he will eventually do really great work.

F. B.

THE JOY OF LIVING. *A play in five acts.*

By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00, net.

IN the form of a book Herr Sudermann's play, "*Es lebe das Leben*," is far more satisfactory than as an acted drama. This is in part due to the inexcusable faults of its presentation in this country; in part, to the disappearance, or nonappearance of its inherent dramatic defects beneath the eye of the mere reader. Indeed, the tragedy would furnish excellent pastime for the closet, were it possible to banish from memory the figures of those who recently at-

tempted its misrepresentation in New York.

Stated baldly, the theme of the play is the conflict between the laws of convention and the demand of human nature for environment and association in which individuality can gain its freest and fullest development. This problem is worked out, although no definite solution is attempted, through the medium of an intellectual, highly sympathetic woman, her commonplace husband and her former lover, who is the most intimate friend of the man whom he has previously wronged and who has gained strength and inspiration from his love to rise to a position of power and beneficent influence in the State. As was to be expected, this theme has been branded by the critics of the press, almost without exception, as inadmissably immoral. Without entering upon a discussion of this point, it may be remarked that the ethical question here presented is one with which every man and woman has been rendered familiar by life, and which, therefore, cannot fail to possess interest for those mentally of age. It is to the method of presentation, not to the subject matter, that our main objection lies. Herr Sudermann is a writer of marked limitations, without the poet's imagination, so that having once delivered his message to the world, he is without power to re-state it in vitally new form. Therein, and in the non-possession of humor, lies the essential difference between him and Gerhardt Hauptmann.

In regard to the translation, a slight but highly significant mistake is to be found near the middle of the first act, where we are informed that "Uncle Richard" has been seen on horseback in the "Zoo." How he escaped arrest is a marvel, since the Berlin zoological garden is a comparatively small enclosure lying within the limits of the park, or "Thiergarten," and is open to foot passengers alone. The word "Thiergarten," to be sure, might be held by a novice in the language to require translation as zoological garden; indeed, etymologically such should be its significance—but unfortunately it is not. Such are the inconsiderate inconsistencies of languages from the translator's point of view.

Again, a few pages later Mrs. Wharton allows the son of the lover-hero to state that his "college" club has expelled him for indiscretion in publishing a certain liberal pamphlet. As a matter of fact, "Corps," or "Verbindungen," are confined to the universities, and would not for a moment be tolerated among the strictly controlled students of the *Gymnasium*, although this institution most nearly corresponds to the American college. Such mistakes arouse speculation as to what a careful comparison of the English and German texts would reveal.

W. W. W.

GERMANY. *By Wolf von Schierbrand.*
Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.
\$2.40, net.

AMONG the many books which men are making, there is no class of book that requires a wider personal experience, a more exhaustive knowledge, and a more thorough philosophic grasp of a complicated situation than one which attempts to describe and estimate the life of a great modern nation. It cannot be said that Wolf von Schierbrand's "Germany" deserves to rank with the few standard books of this class—with Mr. Bodley's "France," for instance. At the best it is exceedingly good journalism. Like all good journalism it averages an abundance of ordinary facts in the light of a few general ideas; like all good journalism it draws a large part of its value from the personal relations of the writer with certain prominent men and movements in the country he is describing; and like all good journalism it is particularly readable; but finally like even the best of journalism, it cannot pretend to be anything more than a superficial and sketchy handling of the material.

The author lived for a number of years in Berlin, meeting the most interesting people in that city, and becoming thoroughly familiar with its political and social gossip. His book is most entertaining and most instructive when he is reporting this gossip, particularly when he deals with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's immediate surroundings. But with other

aspects of German life he shows rather an acquired than an original acquaintance—a limitation that particularly applies to what he says about rural Germany. Furthermore, Herr von Schierbrand, during his residence in Berlin, was united by the strongest sympathetic ties with the old national Liberal party, which has always sought to Anglicize and Americanize Germany. His book, consequently, like most books about Germany published in English, is written frankly from the point of view of an English or American liberal—a fact that will doubtless make it more acceptable to most American readers, but which will, nevertheless, diminish its permanent value. There can be no doubt that an American must alter his standards radically, if he would properly understand the political and social movement of Germany; and this is just what Herr von Schierbrand does not help him to do.

H. D. C.

IN THE DAYS OF ST. CLAIR. *By James Ball Naylor.* Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, O. \$1.50.

MERELY an historical novel. Some works of the species are unusual, unusually good or unusually bad; Dr. Naylor's work is, on the contrary, perfectly and quite typically usual. Taking this usualness, as a motif, we shall find, without much soul-vexing research, that everything is in completest harmony therewith. Nothing in the plot, for example, disturbs the sense of half-dozing expectancy which whispers us that the same event will happen that has happened in the same stage of all the other historic novels of the same sort for the last myriad years. Nothing in the characters or setting would make even a child say "boo!" All is designed and executed with that master idea of giving the usual expression to the usual story of tomahawks and rapiers; the writer is generously careful not to attempt to interest the reader more than is usually done.

We think there must be a mutual protective union of historic-novelists, where all members have sworn none to outdo the other. What brother feeling must there-

fore exist, where all, with the same materials and the same tools, are contented to fashion from the same wooden model in exactly the same manner. How safe is the attitude of mind that is the attitude of everybody's else mind! How slight must seem the shaft of the reviewer when the sensation of its reception is scattered among the veteran sensibilities of a tough and mighty battalion!

J. S. D.

NOLL AND THE FAIRIES. *By Hervey White. Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago. \$1.00.*

TO a reader who knows Mr. White's previous work, "Noll and the Fairies" comes as a delightful surprise. It has all his original, whimsical, realistic idealism of style and treatment, but its subject is as foreign to the morbid questionings of heredity and temperament in "Quicksand" and "When Eve Was Not Created," as to the biased study of modern social conditions in "Differences." "Noll and the Fairies" pretends to be a tale for children, but it is well worth the while of grown-up searchers after wholesome enjoyment. It is an exquisite, naïve, healthy study of a baby's mind, the mind of a poet in its sweetly human infancy. The baby is little Oliver Goldsmith, and good and bad fairies strive over him in his cradle, but these points are immaterial, really. The most poetic and fanciful portions of the book would be poetic and fanciful if they lacked entirely the name of Goldsmith and the definite suggestion of fairy folk.

The episode of the baby's discovering his feet and the study of embryo manliness in his first assumption of trousers are correct "child-psychology" as the learned professors try to teach it, but they are put into so individual and human a form that they hit home as no learned discussion ever does. You are never made to feel that you are investigating "the child"—that monstrous, pitiful generalization!—you are simply delighting yourself with the dramatized emotions of baby Noll. He endears himself to you, as a single, separate person, in the very first page, and he holds you

his charmed slave to the end, when the youngster decides not to "go with Aunt Conrad and be a little gentleman," but to stay at home and play godfather to Pat's wee son. To be sure, Noll's biographer nods at times. No man apparently—nor woman either, though women really ought to know better—can consistently resist the temptation of imputing palpably "grown up" reflections to babies. Mr. White jeers at the mother for asserting that Noll—aged a few weeks—was "blushing for shame" when nurse left him for a moment with no clothes on. But is it any more sweetly reasonable that the tiny infant was hurt by "the thought that his dear mother had told an untruth"? The verses which assume to be metrical meditations of the baby poet are open to the same reproach of unsuitability, besides not being especially good in themselves—neither common sense nor uncommon nonsense.

In general, however, Mr. White shows a wonderfully sympathetic comprehension of what scientific observation agrees to call the baby's point of view. The language, however, is nowhere reminiscent of Goldsmith's age or country; for instance, we doubt if the real little Noll ever heard of "pants." Mr. White calls himself a realist, but an idealist he will always be, and it is as an idealist and beauty-lover that the world likes to hear him speak.

J. K. H.

THE LEGENDS OF THE IROQUOIS. *By W. W. Canfield. A. Wessels Co., New York. \$2.50.*

THESE legends are carefully compiled, well told and interesting. The writer says they are genuine, and indeed they have all the ring of genuineness. Their roots are deep in elementary wisdom, goodness and nature; their flowers therefore are seldom wanting in the true poetic fragrance. They are the stuff of which poems are made. Hiawatha is one of them, though not the most impressive nor the most beautiful. They represent the mystic lore of a courageous primitive race—a race which, whatsoever may be its present egregious fault, and

whosoever may hold the responsibility for that fault, was once possessed of much that is noble and soul-kindling. We must not think of the red man in all the degradations of rum and bestiality, or as the pitiable conquered creature of the ranch and reservation; we must not—when perusing the legends—picture him fallen; but, on the contrary, conceive him as being full of forest pride, whose every movement is inspired by the wholesome hests of Nature or the superior admonitions of the Great Spirit.

It is instructive and often very surprising to compare these Iroquois stories with the early folk-lore of other and better-known peoples: with the Märchen, Sagas, fairy tales, fables, with which they have much in common. What veritable kinship between the tale of Pan and Syrinx and that "Legend of the Corn," wherein a young Indian brave, after pursuing his affrighted betrothed through the dim woodland, throws his arms about her only to discover that he embraces not a maiden but a strange plant. In some of the tales, as "The Buzzard's Covering" and "The Turtle Clan," it is difficult to find this peculiar and ethically suggestive resemblance; yet, we think that even in those legends we get a distant echo of something, Norse, or Persian, or Egyptian very likely, that has gone before. Truly there is but one human family here on earth, and from whatever unexpected corner its individuals come, they gather about the same old bearded magician at the hearthside of the sun.

J. S. D.

THE RIVER. By Eden Phillpotts. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.

CONSTANTLY in reading the stories of Mr. Eden Phillpotts the question presents itself, wherein does this novel fall short of the standards of a masterpiece? Moreover, owing to proximity of scene and similarity of treatment, comparison is inevitable with one of the great books of the generation, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—for what reason has the younger writer, who has

been acclaimed as Mr. Hardy's successor, failed in achieving a like success? The explanation is to be found solely in his lack of one qualification—that, namely, of the dramatic instinct. All other gifts of the novelist are his: insight into human motives, sympathy, invention, humor, style and love of nature. But owing to his failure to perceive the potentialities and requirements of the characters in hand, his efforts thus far to produce a great novel have failed of success. No better example of the author's work has been published than "The River," in which his talents are displayed in a manner likely to deceive the unwary into the belief that the company of great novelists has at last received augmentation. Certainly it is difficult to say too much in praise of this book, if for the nonce we are willing to repress the demand for dramatic gratification. Indeed, that part of the introductory chapter devoted to the river and its life is as unerringly poetic as "The Brook" of Tennyson. Wherein, then, lies the defect?

The novel, like its predecessors, is a story of the simple country life of the West of England, being a narrative of the love-tragedy enacted on the borders of lonely Dartmoor and beside the lovely stream from which the moor takes its name. If the author's object was to produce the illusion of an actual physical visit to the neighborhood of the "Ring o' Bells," success has crowned his effort. Can as much, however, be said for the vividness of our acquaintance with the characters of the story? We know them, it is true, but not in the manner in which we know Maggie Tulliver, and Jennie Deans, and Becky Sharp. Nor is the reason far to seek: our knowledge of them is obtained, in the main, from the outside, not from the inside; we are told of their passion, but seldom does it scorch the cheek, seldom are we stirred as by our own emotions. We believe that Hannah and Edgecombe love each other, but this belief fails deeply to move us, since our knowledge of the principals has not prepared us fully to sympathize with them in their extremity. As a matter of fact, how little we really know of Hannah! Compare for an instant this knowl-

edge with that granted us of Eugénie Grandet, or of Anna Karenina. In consequence of this inadequate acquaintance, in the culmination of the crises of the story we are not swept unthinkingly, unresistingly onward on the flood of a great artistic triumph. Climaxes are not lacking in the narrative, nor are they inopportunately introduced—yet they fail of their fullest effect. Indeed, so sadly is this the case that question might arise as to the actual moment of their occurrence. Had we been adequately prepared for the tragedy of Hannah's cruel betrayal of Edgecombe's unquestioning faith, how deeply would we have entered into the warren's suffering. Again, had the final climax of Edgecombe's deferred decision between the two women who loved him been properly led up to, how keen would be our suspense in awaiting the outcome. Mr. Phillpotts, strange to say, seems to possess to the full the perception of the tragic possibilities of human relationships, eventuating in dramatic situations and actions, but the ability passionately to conceive of the actors in these tragedies and to convey this conception to the minds of his readers has been denied him. Hence, and for this reason alone, his failure to produce a preeminently great novel.

Yet in despite of this drawback, "The River" indisputably deserves place among the notable books of contemporary literature, and is worthy to serve as model for students of style.

W. W. W.

CHANTICLEER, A PASTORAL ROMANCE.
By Violette Hall. Illustrated by W.
Granville Smith. Lothrop Publishing
Co., Boston. \$1.50.

MISS Hall's romance makes pleasant enough reading for such as live in the city and imagine they have a taste for the country because they enjoy the sunset from Riverside Drive and like to feed the squirrels in Central Park. The country depicted in this book is the country of the fairy story, where the little cooked pigs run around with knives and forks stuck invitingly in their backs. But it is a pleasant country, with no draw-

backs, and may help the semi-rural land agent in his nefarious trade.

The real pleasures of the country are of a rather strenuous kind, and it takes longer to make a good country man of a city man than the reverse; but in "Chanticleer" it happens as a duck would take to a pond of Jersey milk. The book is pleasantly and smoothly written, with no evidence of marked literary skill. Thoreau is the star to which Violette Hall has hitched her wagon; but the traces that connect wagon and star are very long.

K. B.

THE GAME OF LIFE. By Bolton Hall.
A. Wessels Co., New York. \$1.00.

THE game of life is a good game, but Mr. Bolton Hall does not find it so. He sees that the world is awry. He wishes to go out and raise turnips and potatoes on the first vacant lot he comes to, and is grieved that the owner chases him off with a shotgun. Having something of a turn at sarcasm, he vents his grief in many little packages of bitter, biting words, which once appeared in different periodicals, to whose editors he extends thanks for the permission to reprint them. The taint of the funny paper is over the book. To suit the funny papers there must be a twist, a warp: the wholesome and the sane has primarily no place in the periodicals of cynicism. And taken in broken doses as a fillip, satire does well enough.

It may seem as if Mr. Bolton Hall's book were being taken too seriously. But the continual hammering into us of his few panacean ideas through parable and fable and allegory and epigram produces an effect, and an irritating one. Popping up occasionally in the funny papers, they serve the useful purpose of reminding us that the world is not altogether right. Taken *en masse*, in a book, they teach the pernicious doctrine that everything is all wrong.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Hall's book is socialism pure and simple. It teaches that it is wrong for the Rich to inherit or possess unearned wealth, and right for Labor to rise up and seize and divide this

same unearned wealth. Looked at as political economy, the book is unfair, evasive and distorting: as "the game of life," it is very limited in its view, and gloomy; and some of the plums—where we are fed all plums without the good dough of commonplaceness—are seen to be only seedless raisins, and not of the best quality at that.

K. B.

JETHRO BACON AND THE WEAKER SEX.
By F. J. Stimson. Charles Scribner's
Sons, New York. \$1.00.

IT is, in "Jethro Bacon," as if F. J. Stimson—one likes to think of him still as "J. S. of Dale"—had tried to root a strange and none too beautiful orchid in the sand dunes of Cape Cod—and neither orchid nor its surroundings become one another. Undoubtedly the man, the mistress and the wronged wife exist on Cape Cod as elsewhere; but such a man, such a mistress and such a wife could never have existed there for thirty years as Mr. Stimson has pictured them. The surrounding life that he pictures, bears no resemblance to New England life—his characters bear no resemblance to New England characters, even as exotic exceptions—and he continually tells you that these are not exceptions. Yet, like all experiments in forced growth, this one is interesting and has its charm; though it needs a cleverer gardener than Mr. Stimson proves himself in this case to produce a healthy or lasting plant.

"The Weaker Sex" is another unreal tale, this time of an exotic growth in a city slum. As exotics are more likely to flourish in a city than in the wind-swept sands of Cape Cod, this story is conceivably possible, though its characters lack the breath of life.

Far be it from us to say that a story is not good because it is not real, or realistic—some of the best stories in the world are as unreal as fairy tales—the trouble with these stories is not that they are not real, but that there is an unsuccessful effort to make them appear real, to make them appeal to the emotions not the senses.

J. W. H.

ON GUARD! AGAINST TORY AND TARLETON. *Containing Adventures of Stuart Schuyler, Major of Cavalry During the Revolution.* By John Preston True. Illustrated by Lilian Crawford True. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.20.

THE struggle between Greene and Cornwallis in the Carolinas furnishes a splendid background for an exciting tale, and Colonel Banastre Tarleton of the latter's army a mighty swash-buckling figure for a villain in such a tale, as the almost simultaneous appearance of two stories making use of them attests. One of them, especially designed for youthful readers, is the concluding volume in the Stuart Schuyler series, in which the hero—who has already been "Scouting for Washington" and riding with "Morgan's Men"—commands the rear guard in that merry chase which Greene led Cornwallis across the Carolinas from the Yadkin to the Dan. Of this chase, of the battle at Guilford following it, and of the surrender at Yorktown, the book gives an excellent account, not merely as background for an interesting little story, but with careful attention to historical accuracy as well. A boy could not well read the Schuyler series (and if he reads one volume he will surely read the rest) without gaining a good working knowledge of several important Revolutionary campaigns—knowledge that might be serviceable when more serious study came. The author, moreover, shows an impartiality rare among writers of juvenile history, making the British a very respectable and well-meaning enemy after all—not entirely a set of devilish red-coated tyrants. His Northern prejudice against some of his own countrymen, however, he is unfortunately not able to suppress. He is in one instance a little hard on Virginia, because a body of her militiamen refused to fight outside their State. As a matter of fact Massachusetts herself was not guiltless in this respect; and Virginia's quota of troops in the Revolution is a matter of record and of pardonable State pride. Yet Mr. True sees in the incident what I am sure nobody else has

ever seen: a beginning of the State Rights feeling which precipitated the Rebellion.

Major Schuyler is a good healthy hero of the type that any boy might well copy—daring, enduring, resourceful and (though scarcely more than a boy himself) a leader of men. Humor of a rough sort there is in the book, in the keen, fighting mountaineers whom he leads, and in the cantankerous Tories under Tarleton. That Youth, however, will not be corrupted here you may be assured when you read the apology for such a phrase as "fleeing from the wrath to come" as "the irreverence born of three years and more of army life."

S. L. S.

THE WHITE WOLF AND OTHER FIRESIDE TALES. By A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

THESE tales are best read one by one. They are, as the title suggests, good to have at hand for an odd moment or two by the fire, but should never be taken in a lump. Like different wines mixed in a common bumper, they would lose all their rare and individual flavor. For each of them has its own flavor and its own atmosphere, quite apart from the others, with an effect that is spoiled by too rapid transitions. Unlike Gilbert Parker's new volume of stories, which have almost the sequence and continuity of a novel, and are best read together; or unlike Quiller-Couch's own earlier "The Delectable Duchy" and "Troy Town," they have no connection whatever, nor any reason for being bound together save that one man wrote them, and even this is hard to believe. Their scenes, their people, their underlying spirit, yes—even their styles seem distinct and separate.

Of these differences perhaps the most striking is in connection with style—by that indefinite term implying the something which stamps a piece of writing a man's own. The stories remind you of so many writers. "Burgomaster Van Der Werf," for example, makes you

think, however remotely, of Frank Stockton's delightful humor of the sea; "Sindbad on Burrator"—a tale of horror pleasantly told, with its skilful setting after Maupassant—of a toned-down Balzac; "Victor," with its psychological interest and quiet movement, of Henry James, and "The Cellars of Rueda," bright and mysterious, of Stevenson. The comparisons may be utterly fanciful; but the fact remains: that you cannot read the tales of this volume without giving them that painful and puzzling attention which you bestow on a chance face that resembles the features of a friend.

The astonishing variety which this denotes is characteristic of A. T. Quiller-Couch; it will hold true in surveying all his writings. Though he seems to have studied his little Troy town, and to know the ways of its sailor folk with something of Hardy's painstaking intimacy; yet the study and the knowledge have left little mark on his style, and he can turn from the west country of England to the far East of the world without so much as a quiver. He is as good a phrase-maker either way. From the turgid "Dead Man's Rock"—that extravaganza of adventure—to the delicate and tender "The Ship of Stars" is a far cry, yet in this book Quiller-Couch almost touches both extremes. "The Man Who Could Have Told" has some of the theatrical unreality of the earlier story, and "Victor"—the little masterpiece of them all—suggests the idealism and pathos of the later one.

S. L. S.

ROGER WOLCOTT. By William Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.00.

THE more widely disseminated is the story of the life of Roger Wolcott, late governor of Massachusetts, the higher will be placed the ideals of American manhood. For in all our history as a nation there has never been revealed a purer type of the gentleman than was he.

Roger Wolcott inherited large wealth and high social position. He was an aristocrat with a proud lineage and was

educated privately and at Harvard. With such an equipment, one might at once picture him as a dawdling member of some Reform Club, sneering at "the dirty mire of politics" and especially abhorrent of the average citizen who works for a living. The type exists, in large numbers; but Roger Wolcott was not of that sort! He was more than a gentleman—he was a real man. He looked upon his wealth as a trust and political service as a solemn obligation. He entered politics with high ideals and he not only never deserted them but he made those ideals a part of every cause and movement with which he was allied. The people of Massachusetts almost idolized him, he was so wholly devoted to the interests of all the people. Naturally reserved and reticent, he was quick and bold to strike when the time came. The memory of his devotion to the soldiers and sailors of the Bay State during the war with Spain will remain a fine heritage to that commonwealth.

Bishop Lawrence was a boyhood and manhood friend of Roger Wolcott, and he is thus able to present his picture with rare sympathy and faithful care. The selections of subjects for this too brief work are well made, and the whole is most satisfactory and excellent.

F. B. T.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. *A Story.* By S. Levett Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

ALL of the stale, well-worn devices of romantic fiction are in evidence in "The Lord Protector." Not one of them but has made its appearance over and over again, and the creaking of the machinery as the rusty apparatus grinds out its product is only too painfully apparent. The fag end of Cromwell's period of supremacy is the time chosen for the setting, and the Lord Protector himself appears as a prominent figure. The rest are the stock characters of many a similar story. The cavalier and round-head, both loving the same girl, with, this time, the cavalier as villain, the other as the virtuous and self-sacrificing hero,

who later comes into his reward. The lady in the case, deceived and at last disillusioned. The Puritan maid, betrayed and revengeful, and her fanatic preacher father. The Protector's soldiers "Justified-by-Faith Hopkins," and the rest. The pert waiting-maid and the elderly, amorous housekeeper. These move through the scenes of a drama whose every incident is only too familiar, and whose every successive episode can be unerringly foretold. The only excuse for resurrecting such dry bones is the power to clothe them with flesh and blood, to vitalize them with the divine spark. But no such capacity is shown here. The author has produced only a conventional story after a worn out pattern, elementary in design and commonplace in execution.

S. D. S., Jr.

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD. *By J. M. Barrie.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

ONLY after sober second thought is it possible to do critical justice to Mr. Barrie's new story. The glamour of this daintily fanciful tale is such that immediate recourse to pen and ink would probably result in an extravagance of laudation that might be tempered by more careful consideration. Yet the first impression remains, and there is little to modify in the judgment that is formed immediately upon the book's conclusion. The story shows the author in a new light. "Sentimental Tommy" proved him to be a student and lover of the child, well versed and sympathetic in the ways and byways of the little folk. But those earlier children grew up and away from us. These little ones stay little, and will remain always fresh and young, the real child, David, and the dream-child, Timothy—the two who grow and blend into inseparable identity. The lonely old bachelor who tells, and lives, this delicately-wrought romance, conceives for himself a potential fatherhood, builds up its details upon the imagined basis of what might have been, and lavishes the wealth of affection that the dream-child should possess of right upon a very real

and living little fellow, the son of a young couple in whom he has become interested.

The story is thenceforth a record of the "adventures in Kensington Gardens"—and elsewhere—of these two, the elderly man and the little boy. From tiny babyhood, through youngest childhood, to graduation into trousers and the prospect of school, is the course of these adventures traced.

Mr. Barrie has not done such satisfying work before. Not so big or ambitious as others of his books, perhaps, this one confronts one of the most difficult problems that most of us elders have to resolve—the heart and nature of the child—and most tenderly and delicately has this been done. There is reverence for its innocence and purity, appreciation and sympathy for its waywardness, and a very loving gentleness in both service and stimulation to the father of the man.

The sole adverse criticism that might be passed is that the fairy portion of the book is not so successful as the human. But that is minor. The story as a whole is most charming. There is in it something of the spirit of "The Golden Age," that golden book, wherein the adult and the childish understandings meet and clasp hands. It is this complete sympathy of the older and the younger natures displayed in "The Little White Bird," that make its principal attraction. Its appeal is universal, and with such grace and delicacy is it made that it will surely not go unregarded.

S. D. S., JR.

EGLEE, A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. *By W. R. H. Trowbridge. A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.00, net.*

THIS is one of those dread stories of the French Revolution, full of pathos and action. The heroine, a girl of the people, is a genuine and convincing character full of heroic thought but with little strength in face of the Terror. Her remarkable repertoire of well-chosen words contrasts rather strangely with the foul expressions she often uses and which she has heard all her life in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

An excellent picture is drawn of the aristocracy in imprisonment.

Historically Mr. Trowbridge deals only with facts we already know, and we fail to find the oublettes he announces we may expect. The story is well written—the narrative is good, and one might be inclined to recommend it to those who have not read Carlyle's French Revolution were it not that historic events are merely stated without explaining the causes, and that it is necessary to have been a student of the Revolution in order to fully understand to what Mr. Trowbridge refers.

TOLSTOI AS MAN AND ARTIST. *By Dmitri Merejkowski. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

IN the case of Count Leo Tolstoi, more than in that of any other writer of the nineteenth century, an understanding of the man is necessary to the critical estimate of the artist. It is the merit of Mr. Merejkowski's study that he keeps this necessity constantly in mind, and does not reach his criticism of the novelist until he has illustrated, analyzed, and from his point of view, interpreted the different phases of Tolstoi's personal growth. The results of this analysis and interpretation will be a shock to some of Tolstoi's English and American admirers, for Mr. Merejkowski refuses to take the great Russian's religious conversion on its face valuation. He attempts to prove with great penetration, and with perhaps too much ingenuity, that at bottom Tolstoi is a pagan with all the pagan characteristics of extreme sensuousness, abundant vitality, and enormous power of enjoying the elemental aspects and emotions of life. But these unconscious depths of his nature have always been more or less at war with his conscious theory of life, and this warfare culminated in his religious conversion in the early eighties. Even in this conversion, however, Tolstoi has not, according to Mr. Merejkowski, succeeded in emancipating himself from his own deeper instincts. In spite of his protestations of Faith and of entire unselfishness, he remains only half convinced—a sort of a

Christian pagan who is neither a genuine apostle, nor a frank self-seeker. One cannot attempt either to justify or criticize this theory within the limits of a review, but it is certain that any criticism of Tolstoi hereafter must deal with Mr. Merejkowski's cool and disinterested analysis of Tolstoi's character, and its effect upon his art.

H. D. C.

ROGER DRAKE, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.
By Henry Kitchell Webster. The
Macmillan Company, New York.
\$1.50.

PROPERLY to characterize this novel recourse must be had to slang: it is a rattling good story. Thereby attention is called directly to the merits of the book, and, by implication, to its shortcomings, since no one, of course, would thus refer to a really noteworthy contribution to literature. "Roger Drake" is a well told, interesting story of business enterprise and struggle, written evidently by one thoroughly familiar with the subject and with a delectable instinct for dramatic situations, but therewith is exhausted the meed of praise which is the book's due. The author is able from the fullness of his experience and from the mine of his imagination to develop a series of entertaining and oft-times exciting events, in which the persons involved act with praiseworthy naturalness, but adequately to lay bare the motives of their actions is beyond his power. A further result of his limitation of insight into character is the lack of individualization of the actors in the story: were we to encounter Roger Drake in the flesh immediately after finishing his autobiography it is not improbable that we should fail to recognize him. Indeed, throughout the story far more importance is attached to events than to the persons through whom the events reach development. The points of weakness here pointed out but serve to accentuate anew the eternal paradox that those whose experience furnishes material proper for literary use seldom possess the training and culture needed for the task, whereas masters of language and the sub-

tleties of construction lack experience with life, at first hand. Indisputably, however, the book under consideration forms a valuable chronicle of the development of the great copper interests of the country and of the evolution of the present trust system. Especially clever is the latter portion of the story when the struggle between the warring factions reaches a climax, the outcome of which is decided by the possession of the all-important coal fields.

W. W. W.

THE CHILD MIND. By Ralph Harold
Bretherton. John Lane, New York.
\$1.20, net.

THE "Child Mind" is unfortunately named. Its title leads you to expect a treatise on psychology, whereas the book is in reality a bit of very clever fiction—carefully and scientifically studied out, to be sure, but written with great vividness, sympathy, and dramatic force. Each of the dozen or more studies in the book takes the child, a little girl of seven, through a single phase of experience—the horror of lying awake in darkness, the dread of losing her mother's love, the humiliation of being "hoaxed" by grown people, the unpleasantness of contact with disagreeable relatives and others like these. Indeed, the great fault of the book is that the experiences are all so alike. The titles of two—"A Misunderstanding" and "The Agony"—might cover them all, for every one iterates and reiterates the theme of Kitty's misapprehension of and by her elders, and in every one she suffers tortures through this misapprehension.

The author is right, perhaps, in his premise that a child is often made bitterly unhappy by the efforts of well-meaning relatives to force him to enjoy life in their fashion. Most of us can remember times of feeling our little selves at odds with a great prickly world—as our big selves often are to this day—but the griefs of childhood, though more real than forgetful people often appreciate, still are for the most part unformulated woes, and they give way with blessed quickness to joys as keen and as real.

It must be a very morbid and unhealthy child who, having material comforts and an affectionate family, is forever tortured by pangs of conscience and doubts of her parents' love. In reading "The Child Mind," you grow absurdly impatient with Kitty for suffering so much. You are told repeatedly that she was an attractive child, adored by her parents, and possessed of every toy that heart of child could wish; now and then you are given hints of her imaginative pleasures in her doll's house, and of moments when she actually believed her people cared for her; but only the tales of suffering are elaborated. The book is one long wail. It is a pity that the author should lavish so much cleverness and sympathy on depicting merely one side of a childish nature. For clever the author certainly is, as well as sympathetic. Kitty's despair about the weather, for instance, is delicious.

J. K. H.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS AND CHATEAUX.

By Clara Crawford Perkins. Two volumes. Knight and Millet, Boston. \$4.00, net.

CLARA Crawford Perkins has contributed in "French Cathedrals and Chateaux" a most valuable work to English reference books. With an almost German conscientiousness she has classified her matter and titled her chapters so explicitly that it is easy for any student to find his subject. Her consistency has masculine solidity. The historical tables are excellent, and one cannot help but regret that not more of such thorough work is produced by English writers. Invariably we are compelled to turn to foreign authorities, German, French or Spanish, for accuracy and systematic classifications. Looseness of style, lack of proportion and incompetency of explanatory tables are so often found in our reference books.

The delineation Miss Perkins has given us in her authoritative analysis of architecture in France is most comprehensive, and the precision with which she has studied the detail of every tracery, spire and window is praiseworthy. Her imag-

ination does not supply lacking influences, but she has seen with the eye of a connoisseur, and proves to us the history of every ascendant power. It is obvious that Miss Perkins has not been content to take outside information for anything but has personally investigated and convinced herself of every fact before she has stated it.

The text is well and interestingly written—the illustrations good. The historical anecdotes not dealing with the immediate subject are short and arouse interest enough to startle the mind into remembering. At no time is the object in view lost: to give the vastness of a difficult subject in concise and readable form that will be of value to the student and of entertainment to the reader.

A more complete study of the architecture of France, or cleverer scheme of giving lucid pictures of its history, and the history of the country could not be desired. The light and color thrown on gloomy walls and abbeys should endear the book to all who have travelled in France.

C. L. M.

ANDREW CARNEGIE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Barnard Alderson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.40, net.

CLEARLY Mr. Alderson is a great admirer of Mr. Carnegie, yet this character sketch of the life of the great Steel King does not give an exaggerated view of the man and his work. Really the "sketch," covering 228 pages, reaches the magnitude of a biography, and although carefully written, the book, while it contains much that is interesting, has little that is new. After having read the volume one feels all has been said about the life and character of Mr. Carnegie that can be said.

From an exhaustive and not over-interesting description of his birthplace at Dunfermline, Scotland, the reader is carried through the Steel Master's boyhood, on through his earlier experiences and up to his later successes in the world of manufacture. His idea of the dispensation of wealth is enlarged upon, as are

also his benefactions up to the time of the writing of the book.

STEPPING STONES: ESSAYS FOR EVERY DAY LIVING. By *Orison Swett Marden*. Illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.00.

TAKING as a foundation the lives of famous men and women, Dr. Marden has written—or more properly compiled—a readable book. Beginning with "Physical Culture," which is treated in a short chapter, the writer moves to "The Mastery," which is only another name for self-control; next follows a long chapter on the evils of tobacco, in which not a new idea is introduced. Then comes a temperance lecture filled with anecdotes and "examples." "Stepping Stones" contains limitless good advice, especially to young men, and if not original, it is at least a helpful book.

THOREAU THE POET-NATURALIST. By *William Ellery Channing*. New Edition. Enlarged. Edited by *F. B. Sanborn*. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. \$2.00, net.

MR. Sanborn's edition of this *rara avis* among books ought to be welcomed very warmly. The original edition, published in 1873, has long been out of print and the demand for it was never large; yet the contents are of such character as to interest any one that wishes to come closer to the startling personalities of the Concord coterie of philosophers, particularly those of Emerson and Thoreau.

It were hard to fancy three more agreeable rambling acquaintances along the fair Massachusetts countryside than these most unusual men, that, together with Ellery Channing—who kept the conversations going and then recorded them—held forth genially over all subjects, on which a word could be uttered, from grasshoppers to Goethe. Not a leaf might fall, not a woodpecker sound his distant "peep," but Emerson or Thoreau had a speech with which to crown it. And if these gentlemen were silent,

Channing never failed by an exhaustive monologue to help them to their tongues again. They never quarreled and they seldom questioned; each had imbibed grandly the dictum of Weimar, not to contradict, and Channing's book is a living token that he at least was a superb listener. Boon companions that they were, they serenely strolled on, finding "books in the running brooks" and above all, "good in everything." Not a breath of pessimism ever blurred the bright glass of their enjoyment. About one subject they were in peculiar harmony of mind—about that Puritan Olympus, Concord, Mass.

These men all agreed—most conveniently we think—that they were born poets, and they composed, recited and discussed their own poetry with a wonderful equanimity and assurance. Neither bored his companions, each supplemented the ebullience of the other. Should Thoreau declare that a certain farmhouse was charmingly situated near the savage woodland, Emerson would remark, likely as not, that such houses produced the best people and Channing would chime in to the effect that the apple tree at the sunset window produced a most mellifluous cider.

It seems at times a little ludicrously Boswellian that the last-named New Englander should record all the localisms of his equally enthusiastic two larger companions; yet the book is a rare one, and if the reader skips all the poems, and does not try to read continuously, he will have a treat.

J. S. D.

THE LAND OF THE LATINS. By *Ashton Rollins Willard*. Illustrated from photographs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.40, net.

TO the ordinary reader "The Land of the Latins," written by one who has long been known as an authority on Italian art, cannot fail to be entertaining; to the student, or even the casual traveller in Italy, its descriptions, vivid, clear, bright with the many colors of a semi-tropical country, must be of absorbing interest as a reflection of his own views and experiences.

The volume is divided into ten chapters, each an independent essay dealing with some prominent feature of Italian life, as seen by one moving in the upper strata of Roman society. Of these, a chapter entitled "The Book Shops" is of particular interest, as it gives an insight into contemporary Italian literature that is clear and convincing. Brief sketches of the lives of Giovanni Verga, author of "Cavalleria Rusticana," of De Amicis, Mathilde Serao, Fogazzaro, Carducci and others are given with short criticisms of the works and style of each. In this essay, and in those devoted to art and the drama, Mr. Willard writes with special fluency, and reveals not only his familiarity with his subjects, but his personal interest in them, as well.

On the whole, Mr. Willard's style is smooth-flowing, and is distinguished by a dignified phrasing that lends itself well to the matters discussed. Only at rare times does he relax, and then his sentences become choppy and harsh. His adjectives are frequently forced and unfortunately chosen, as a result of his constant efforts to round out and balance his sentences, giving an effect of verbosity, rather than of melody; an effect that is really the only disturbing element in an otherwise admirable book.

H. H., JR.

MEMORIES OF VAILIMA. *By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.*

THIS is a valuable addition to Stevenson literature, not so much for its own sake alone, although in itself it is a highly interesting collection, but rather as an addenda (or antidote, perhaps) to Graham Balfour's biography. In Mr. Balfour's "Life," Stevenson is glorified; he is at all times the dignified *litterateur*; the imperturbable judge; the demi-god—among the people, yet not of them. In this book he is shown as the thoroughly human man, endowed, indeed, with all the qualities which Mr. Balfour gives him, yet, in addition, filled with a whole-hearted simplicity and a boyish, overbubbling love of fun and foolishness that is completely human, and is the Stev-

enson of "The Wrong Box" as well as of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Master of Ballantrae."

H. H., JR.

BAYOU TRISTE. *By Josephine Hamilton Nicholls. A. S. Barnes & Company, New York. \$1.50.*

PRACTICALLY the only fault that can be found with this book is its brevity. The beautiful picture of the quiet, happy life on the old Louisiana plantation is so delightful that the reader is sorry when the last page is reached. To-day, when problem novels abound, morbid French books flourish, and romance, bloodshed and complicated plots are the rage, such a book as "Bayou Triste" is refreshing. And the chief beauty is that it is all so true—not necessarily as to the details of the particular story told, but as a picture of the life on a plantation as it is being lived to-day in hundreds of places all over the South.

Every man in the North who has been taught that men and women on plantations live in daily terror of the negro subduing them with a shot gun, ruling them with a rod of iron, and caressing them with a bull-whip, should read this book that they may know the truth. And let every Southerner, in a strange land, read it too, for when he has finished it he will experience a quiet happiness which he has long missed.

The story is told in the first person and is a very simple one, with little plot, but with many pictures of Southern life and people. The negro characters in the book outnumber the whites ten to one, and every one of them is carefully and truthfully drawn. Their love affairs, marriages, quarrels, frailties, courage, cowardice and originality, as well as their devotion to and love for their young master and mistress, are all delightfully and naturally described. The author has apparently watched them carefully and has caught the peculiar Louisiana accent, which differs materially from that of the negroes residing in other Southern States.

R. C.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A CONTINENT. *Edited From the Writings of Francis Parkman. By Prof. Pelham Edgar. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

A BULKY, but extremely attractive and copiously illustrated book is "The Struggle for a Continent," which Professor Pelham Edgar has culled from the many volumes of Francis Parkman's histories. This volume at once places Parkman within easy reach of the student and of the mere reader, who would be appalled at the thought of attempting to study the original histories. Professor Edgar probably had no ambition to do for posterity the work that might be done by Time; and Parkman in his original richness, will unquestionably remain what he has indisputably become, an American classic, a source of knowledge and a guide for future historians; but this book certainly suggests a field of usefulness to other editors. It will doubtless have value, too, in sending back to Parkman many of those who read his works before and are charmed by a record as delightful as romance and far more absorbing.

J. D. B.

ASPECTS OF FICTION AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25, net.*

PROFESSOR Matthews, far from being a skilful writer, is deficient in the clearness of mind and the originality that achieve a correct and attractive style. All of his writing lacks fineness; he frequently uses several words, awkwardly arranged, where he might convey the full meaning in one or two words gracefully and effectively placed. Again and again, in striving for clearness he becomes obscure. The subtlety of language which perfectly conveys the meaning without the use of too many words seems altogether beyond Professor Matthews's skill. Moreover, he has a great fondness for playing on words, and of making trifling comparisons.

Especially trying is the author's habit of falling into trite phrases. In the essay on Robert Louis Stevenson, we learn that

Stevenson's death "gives a sudden shock to all who care for our later literature," and it leaves us "with a sense of personal loss." Occasionally, however, Professor Matthews drops into an original figure, sometimes with startling effect—referring, for instance, to Andrew Lang as a "Scotsman who has been tinctured by Oxford, but who still grips his stony native land with many a clinging radicle." Naturally, these "trite phrases" leave in the mind of the reader an impression of commonplace thought. And yet, these essays contain a good deal of accumulated information, showing that Professor Matthews has been an assiduous reader. His essays range in theme from such large subjects as "American Literature" and "The Importance of the Folk Theater," to "The Short Stories of Mr. Ludovic Halévy," and to "Mr. Charles Dudley Warner as a Writer of Fiction." If Professor Matthews is serious in his comments on Mr. Warner, this essay should be distinguished as the most humorous in the volume.

J. D. B.

FUEL OF FIRE. *By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IN her latest novel Miss Fowler displays the same brilliance that characterized her earlier work, and the same superficiality. Much of the dialogue is extremely clever—indeed, often annoyingly clever, like the conversation of an unduly precocious child—but there is lacking in the book, as a whole, organic conception and development, and a deep, sympathetic understanding of divergent phases of human nature. In other words, Miss Fowler is one of the many clever latter-day writers of pleasant, innocuous stories for unpleasant, overworked people who thankfully surrender themselves and their money into the hands of whoever can bring temporary oblivion from the harsh realities of workaday life. With the materials at her command the author should have succeeded in writing a novel worthy of serious consideration.

The underlying idea of the story is excellent, and contains within itself the

germ of a great tragedy of love, cupidity and jealousy. Moreover, in the prologue is given promise of an achievement that is but inadequately redeemed in the following pages. An old prophecy has foretold the destruction for the third time of Baxendale Hall by an agency thrice as great as king or state, and a "thousand-fold stronger and higher." Toward the fulfilment of the prophecy conspire the desires of all those who will profit in the destruction of the Hall through the payment of the large amount for which it is insured. Such a subject, it would seem, requires epic treatment. Instead, Miss Fowler has approached it in the pleasant, easy-going manner of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"; nor has she forgotten the usual fillip of cheap, conventional religious exhortation.

T. L. G.

A FIGHTING FRIGATE AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

SENATOR Lodge's essays smack of the senate chamber; they also at times have a flavor of the political platform. They sound not so much like writings as like speeches; and, when arrayed side by side in a book, appear decidedly at their worst. We suppose Senator Lodge is clearly aware of the usual dissonance between the style literary and the style oratorical. He entitles his volume "Essays and Addresses"; but we question sometimes if the habit of eloquence has not blemished the finer habit of insight, if the desire for effect has not partly obliterated the chances for a surest and best effect. We have, for example, the firmest belief in the writer's sincerity and patriotism; yet his manner of expression is so exaggerated and stagey that we gather from it only the feeblest image of those high qualities. And so is it throughout the work. He tells us of the career of Chief Justice Marshall, draws his life and character with confident hand; but, at the end, we have that sensation of doubt and estrangement which always comes when we listen to a man who is holding forth for the benefit of others

at the very moment he would have us suppose his words are only for ourself. In such literature there is no companionship—surely no intimacy. The writer is superior to the book.

J. S. D.

CHILDREN OF THE FROST. By Jack London. Illustrated. Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

JACK London is the literary laureate of the Arctic Northwest. He has staked out the Yukon delta for his claim, and occupies it with the same undisputed mastery that Bret Harte did the gold fields of California. "Children of the Frost" brings all his characteristics into play, with unabated vigor. In the half-score of scenes and episodes here bound together, we recognize the same brutal strength, the same grim and sanguinary humor, the same impression of sinister fatality, that quickened our interest in "The Son of the Wolf" and "The God of His Fathers." In all these stories there are strange contrasts of savage freedom and conventional cant, of elemental poetry smoothed over with a highly self-conscious literary touch, which in even the most credulous reader's mind tend to blur the identity of the author. He certainly succeeds in conveying the feeling and aspects of the frozen North—to persons who have never been there. Whatever their melodramatic exaggeration, his writings reek with odors of the spruce forests, the resinous smells of pine-cones and rotting vegetation, the aromatic savors of camp smoke. Eskimos, Indians and *voyageurs*, patriarchal chiefs and their dusky sloe-eyed daughters, diabolical *shamans* or medicine-men, mighty hunters clad in skins, armed with bows and arrows and bone-head spears stalk through them. One hears distinctly their guttural language, mingled with the "honk" of Arctic birds, the yelp of fierce jaw-slobbering wolves and dogs, and the grinding of ice-floes on the rim of the Polar sea. In short, Jack London is a power to be reckoned with in the literature of our land.

H. T.

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros., New York. \$2.50, net.

ONE can never take up a book of Mr. William Dean Howells without being agreeably reminded that he is first of all a man of letters—a man to whom writing is an independent medium, and whose vocation it is to render his view of life in conscious literary form. In this respect he differs very much from our later novelists, who are rarely, in the full meaning of that phrase, men of letters. He is, indeed, the only living American writer, with the exception of Charles Eliot Norton, who has inherited some of the literary spirit of the New England Renaissance, and who in some measure learned his trade in the intellectual atmosphere of Lowell's Cambridge and Boston. It is, however, when Mr. Howells comes to the writing of essays that he most unmistakably shows the influence of this departing tradition. Essays, as he himself remarks, we have in abundance; but essays, such as these in his latest book, "Literature and Life," essays which do not impart information or study problems, but which are intimate literary expressions of personal observations and opinions—essays of this kind have no interest for the business-like American writers of to-day.

Mr. Howells is so much a man of letters that he sometimes sets down very evanescent impressions and very tentative opinions for no better reason, apparently, than that the practice of converting Life into Literature has become an inveterate habit. Be it admitted, consequently, that there are some few essays in this volume, in which the material is exceedingly attenuated; yet although such trifles should have been allowed to remain undisturbed in the periodicals for which they were originally written, every lover of good style and independent thought must rejoice that Mr. Howells has been, and is, an essayist, as well as a novelist. His style is simple, flexible, leisurely, entertaining and absolutely sincere; he stands almost alone as a sympathetic, shrewd, thoughtful observer of American manners; and the great kindliness and

sincerity of his nature are revealed in nothing more plainly than in his thinking. When he is quite convinced, he can cut his convictions on the stone as vigorously as anybody; but he also has the power of knowing just how much he is convinced. He can express a shade of doubt or a shade of conviction as happily as he can his firmest beliefs, and his own ideas, however much we may differ from them, are certainly congruous and pertinent. If in his novels he seems to remain, for so intelligent a man, somewhat exclusively preoccupied with the domestic comedies of American life, his essays help us to understand how dangerous it is to deal with this chaotic material from a more inclusive point of view.

H. D. C.

THE PATH TO ROME. By Hilaire Belloc. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.

THE Path to Rome "is a story of an attempt to go from Toul, on the Moselle, to Rome "as the crow flies." Nearly all the journey is made on foot, with a small allowance of money, and through a country almost unknown to tourists and guide books.

The author is gifted with great descriptive powers, and if it were merely a record of the trip, the book would be very entertaining. But the writer thinks as well as he sees, and his reflections are as interesting as his descriptions. It makes you dizzy to read his account of crossing a bridge; it makes you shiver to read of his attempt and failure to cross the Gries Pass through the blinding snow, and graphically does he depict the cruel power of the Alps in the ending of this recital: "Now I know that Italy will always stand apart. She is cut off by no ordinary wall, and Death has all his army on her frontiers."

Mr. Belloc's keenness of mind is shown as well in his gayer moments as in his serious ones, and his humor is irresistible and continuous. What could be more delightful than his monologue on the eight francs and ten centimes that must take him to Milan, nearly ninety miles away? Often the transition from grave to gay

is instantaneous. He will put you in a solemn frame of mind for pages, and then—like a flash—comes the merry jest or the happy conceit.

As we read, we suspect that Mr. Belloc's serious moments are not always pleasurable ones. He tells us that he belonged to the Church of Rome, that he left it, and returned to it. Why he returned to it he does not make quite clear—it is always difficult to satisfactorily explain a backward step—but we feel his religion depresses and enthalls him, and that his hours of true happiness are only those in which he allows his thoughts and feelings perfect freedom.

The book is not without faults, but the author has recognized most of them and has anticipated the critics by interpolated conversations. A number of tales, all well worth reading, are also interpolated. Altogether, the book is a delightful one, and in these days when so much time and money are wasted over what is proclaimed as fiction, it is a pleasure to be able to say that whether this book is fiction or not, neither time nor money will be wasted by those who read "The Path to Rome."

M. H. F.

PENRUDDOCK OF THE WHITE LAMBS. *A Tale of England, Holland and America.* By Samuel Harden Church. Frontispiece by Frank T. Merrill. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.

MR. Church's story of Cromwell's times is fearfully and wonderfully made. At the outset the reader is bewildered by the announcement that the characters in the story number seventy-five, fifty of whom are historical. Then with the cavaliers, courtiers, lords, ladies, soldiers, seamen, pirates, colonists and Indians one may be excused for taking a long breath before he begins to read. The hero of the romance is Colonel Penruddock, the Royalist and colonel of the "White Lambs," the Duke of Newcastle's famous regiment, which Cromwell cut to pieces at Marston Moor. Mr. Church does not attempt to follow history, but his story has no end of action,

and if it were not for the great number of characters, which tend to confuse the reader, "Penruddock" would have been interesting.

H. A.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE. *Its History and Romance from 1620 to 1902.* By Winthrop L. Marvin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00, net.

HERE is a volume of real, even if minor, historic value. It is not excellently written; the writer has the unhappy knack of slighting the interesting places and spreading himself on the very dull ones; his manner is plodding and persevering, and full of the odor of archives and annotations; he is often patriotic out of place, and wearying in his too noisy belief of the importance of his subject; but his enthusiasm is genuine, and he gives us something that no other men—at least, in so comprehensive a form—have given us. The book could be vastly improved; some author of the next decade will probably supply us with something of the sort, very much better done; but until then Mr. Marvin's work ought to have a distinct place. We judge his audience can never be very large, but, such as it is, it should find pleasure in the information he offers; in the gathering and presentation of which he has labored a life-long.

Truth to say, his subject is not, for a majority of people, the most alluring. The merchant service may, by means of a special illumination thrown on its more unusual features, be stimulated to appear transiently romantic or picturesque. Privateers, whalers, clipper-ships to the gold coast, transatlantic steamers converted into war vessels, slave-traders, blockade-runners, Algerian pirates helping themselves to silks, spices and doubloons may unquestionably fill the perilous void caused by the absence of howitzers and battle-flags, of gory decks and courtly captains, of ships lined up for conflict, each with the dignity of a whole nation frowning through its guns. But before long the true nature of commerce will out, and we—boyish as we are and ingrained to the naval tradition—are apt to tire of

the essential monotony of its record. All is too peaceful, plebeian and prosaic. Our eyes droop at bales, after broadsides. Yet for the few who are curious in the by-ways of marine history the book will not be unwelcome.

J. S. D.

THE SPERONARA. *From the French of Alexandre Dumas. By Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.25.*

THE title of this book is the Mediterranean name for the little coasting schooner in which Dumas made his voyage to Sicily: this charming collection of "Impressions de Voyage," the outcome. As might be expected, he proves the most delightful of travelling companions, with the seeing eye, the laughing heart, and, what is perhaps hardly less important in a traveller, the appreciative stomach: for Dumas the gastronome, whose recommendation is used to this day to advertise a well-known liqueur ("Je préfère la Bénédictine à toute autre liqueur"), takes his share in making these chronicles sympathetic. But Dumas the fascinating storyteller dominates; and his wit, powers of observation, and fund of classic lore, worn as lightly as a flower in his buttonhole, enliven everything he touches. His descriptive passages are magical: we drive with him into the cool translucent waters of the Grotto of Capri; we ascend Mount Aetna in the chill and rarefied air, laboring for breath like our voyagers; we rush through twenty-six centuries of the history of Catania in three picturesque pages; we suffer the sirocco; we dance the tarantella: not one of our experiences would we miss, and the little journey comes to an end only too soon. The book abounds in graphic phrases that underline the difference between literature and guide-book commonplace.

A word of gratitude is due to Miss Wormeley for her excellent translation, and for her scholarly footnotes, which are few in number and come just at the places where they are wanted.

A. C. M.

SIGNORA, A CHILD OF THE OPERA HOUSE. *By Gustav Kobbé. R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS story is a mere pretext whereby to introduce gossip from behind the scenes concerning the leading opera-singers of the day, whose photographs are used as illustrations: the whole thing—except the photographs, which are excellent—is strongly reminiscent of a cheap magazine or a newspaper supplement. The characters in the story are introduced under such thinly-disguised names as Madame Mannheim-Weink, the great German mezzo, Madame Caravé, the famous impersonator of "Carmen," and so on. The details about stage-properties and the mechanical setting of an opera are interesting enough, but music has little or nothing to do with the matter.

A. C. M.

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY. *A Preliminary Incident of the Great Civil War. By John Newton. Illustrated. A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.50.*

SO much has been written about John Brown that, as Mr. Newton frankly admits in his preface, there is little new material from which to work, and consequently such well-known and authoritative works as Ridpath's—which was, by the way, the first to be written in America—Sanborn's and others were drawn upon. But Mr. Newton has made a readable compilation. The first chapter attempts to answer "What was Slavery?" and has absolutely nothing about John Brown. But it is leading up to the theme, although it is not until the third chapter is reached that Mr. Newton gives us a glimpse of Brown, and then he writes briefly of his birthplace. The author need have gone no farther than West Torrington, Conn., to have found material regarding the early boyhood of the abolitionist, which has never been used, except in stray newspaper articles.

There is also much valuable material in the Springfield chapter of John Brown, which might be collected, and which has never been adequately covered. But ob-

viously Mr. Newton has found it easier to compile than to originate. Just why the author should have designated this as a "little book" in his preface, when it covers 288 pages, and as an "incident" on the title page, when the book is practically a life of John Brown, is hard to make out. A reproduction of the words and music of "John Brown's Body" adds a quaint interest to the book.

H. P.

THE HERITAGE. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.50.

THE flavor of Mr. Stevenson's American historical romance is superior to the common or Charles Felton Pidgin variety, but not in itself notable. The scene is laid in Virginia and in the Ohio country, during the years just after the Revolution. The few historical personages moving through the tale—Washington, General St. Clair, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Benedict Arnold—are well sketched. The author's style is clear and readable. But there the merit of the story ends. There are too many situations, too many characters, the scene shifts too often, adventures tread on one another's heels, and no phase of the romance is dwelt upon long enough to give color and coherence to the whole. The hero, who tells his own story, leaves with you, at its close, the vaguest possible impression of his personality. The heroine—for presumably the girl who marries the hero at the end of the book is the heroine—has not force enough to dominate a single chapter. The hero's foster-brother seems an attractive fellow, but he never stays with you. Just as you are beginning to get a hint of his charm—lo! he is whisked away, and you are introduced to another general, or an Indian chief. The tale of brotherly devotion, and of the girl who complicates it by winning the hearts of both men, would make a book by itself. So would the adventures of the gay, unpractical Frenchmen who are beguiled into founding a colony on the malaria-stricken Scioto. So would the hero's captive life among the Indians, with its glimpses of Amer-

ican frontier posts and of British treachery after the Revolution. Here is material for at least three novels, thrown together in such a way that not one of the three separately impressive themes has a chance to make itself felt. The effect is ludicrously like that which follows tasting various delicacies at a Food Fair, you have in the end—if you keep at it long enough—all the discomforts of a plethoric meal, with none of its satisfaction. Mr. Stevenson evidently needs an old-time proverb remodelled for his use; it should read, "Too many ingredients spoil the broth."

J. K. H.

THE BANQUET BOOK. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75, net.

THIS book is "a classified collection of quotations designed for general reference, and as an aid in the preparation of the toast list, the after-dinner speech and the occasional address"; and there is an introduction by Mr. Elbert Hubbard. It contains a various assortment of information about dinner giving, proper courses, a list of vintages, recipes for mixing drinks, menus, and the like. Almost every one has occasion to refer to such things as are herein contained; and this is a handy book for the purpose.

THE SEARCHERS. A story in Four Books. By Margaretta Byrde. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.

ALL the chief characters in this book are seeking an answer to the problem of life; some find it in love, some in faith, some in resignation to duty. A faithful minister, a woman who has sinned, and a young woman with a strenuous desire to find herself, are the principal characters, although a great number of secondary people crowd the pages, somewhat to the reader's discomfort.

The book is distinctly a novel with a purpose—to show that life is real, life is earnest, and that by following the higher ideals one must be compensated for the sorrows and disappointments of life. The plot is cleverly managed; the

characters and pictures of present-day middle-class English life being vivid and interesting. But it is on her sane and hopeful attitude toward life that the author relies for the strength of her story; it is this sane hopefulness that will be remembered and which will give spiritual help to many readers.

A. G.

THE SHAKESPEARE CYCLOPÆDIA AND NEW GLOSSARY. *By John Phin. The Industrial Publication Company, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS book does not pretend to be for scholars; but for the ordinary reader who finds unknown words in Shakespeare that are not in the dictionary, and are usually only to be found in annotated editions or expensive commentaries. Very wisely the price of this book is a moderate one, so that anyone who can own a Shakespeare can have this useful addition to it, and feel that his money has been well expended.

THE CRISIS. *By Winston Churchill. With illustrations from the scenes of the play. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

THIS new edition of "The Crisis" is called the "James K. Hackett edition." Numerous illustrations, a rubricated page, and a decorative cover distinguish it from previous issues.

THE TIGER AND THE INSECT. *By John Habberton. Illustrated by Walter Russell. R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.20, net.*

THE author of "Helen's Babies" has, after twenty odd years, written another book along the same lines. "The Tiger and the Insect" is made up largely of the conversations and exploits of two little children, nieces of the young woman who comes out of the West, and who is supposed to write the story. Left in charge of these fun-loving and altogether remarkable babies, the aunt has many trials and troubles. But early in the telling a young man comes into the

story, and into the life of the aunt. Then there is love-making and courtship, in which Tiger and the Insect play no insignificant parts. The book is lighter in tone than any of Mr. Habberton's recent work, but it is bright and amusing; it is a mother's book and will find a place close to the mother heart.

J. P.

SPIRITUAL HEROES. *Studies of Some of the World's Prophets. By David Saville Muzzey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.*

AS the author says in the preface of this book, it is "popular rather than scientific"; and accepting it so, one finds it eminently useful and possessed of a distinct value as a contribution to popular literature. The "spiritual heroes," gathered from world history, are those nine who to the author's mind "shall represent the progress of the idea of freedom (i. e., shall represent history) down to the Reformation." Here already is an indication of the author's mental bias, and one no sooner begins the reading of the book itself, than one discovers another—a thoroughgoing devotion to the principles of what is known as the "higher criticism." One would gather this indeed from the table of contents, where the name of Christ appears in the midst of those of Buddha, Socrates, and Mohammed, and to many this juxtaposition would be so repellent that it would condemn the work at once.

Such need have little fear, however, for while Mr. Muzzey adds nothing of value to the consideration of the "Life of Christ," his treatment of the subject is sufficiently reverent and respectful, and gives little ground for offense. It is indeed curiously objective, and the same is true of his attitude throughout the book. And herein lies the ground for the chief unfavorable criticism: viz., in portraying spiritual heroes, the attitude should be primarily subjective, while that of Mr. Muzzey is so critical and scientific that he misses his aim and succeeds in giving, not studies of the souls of his subjects, but clear, graphic, and often powerful epitomes of their outward lives. The impres-

sions he creates are remarkably sharp and penetrating, and he succeeds in a few words in placing before the reader the essential elements in the objective life of his subjects, but just because of this he often fails to prove his case, and after closing the book, one feels no more convinced than before that Mohammed and Luther were *spiritual* heroes, while one is forced to admit that were judgment to be rendered on the author's plea alone, St. Paul, St. Augustine, and Buddha must fail of achievement.

Scientific treatment is hardly successful as a means of proving spiritual eminence. That St. Augustine was what Mr. Muzzey claims is certainly true, but to establish this fact in words requires deep sympathy and profound comprehension, and those things the author shows scant signs of possessing.

Again, in the case of Buddha, the historic records are so scant, the documents so few, that scientific criticism finds little to build on. The greatness of Buddha is the greatness of the philosophic system developed by his followers: in the records of his life and words there is little wherewith to build a plea.

In two instances Mr. Muzzey is almost wholly successful: in the cases of Jeremiah and Marcus Aurelius. Here the author is dealing with sympathetic types, and here also his method is less at fault than elsewhere. His portrait of Jeremiah the Prophet is brilliant and convincing to a degree, a most masterly composition in every way, and his presentation of the great philosopher-emperor is no less good.

R. A. C.

SEA FIGHTERS FROM DRAKE TO FARRAGUT. By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.

THIS work is intended primarily for juvenile readers; but its literary quality and much-in-little form will prove attractive to older ones. When eight biographical sketches of the most famous sailors in history are placed in one volume of four hundred pages the space devoted to each is necessarily

small; but these sketches are surprisingly pithy and comprehensive, including many facts heretofore overlooked by more voluminous historians. The subjects selected will occasion no criticism. Drake fitly leads, since he was first in point of time as well as in romantic interest. No story of sea-fighters would be complete without our own Paul Jones and Admiral Farragut, whose records are familiar to even the young people of to-day; but a new interest in them may well be aroused by the spirited narrative in this volume. Completing the list is the Frenchman, Vice-Admiral de Suffren Saint-Tropez, who is acknowledged to be the most distinguished seaman of French history, and whose active experience at sea covered a period of more than forty years. Of the opportunities thus presented for a strongly dramatic story the author takes full advantage. The volume contains several fanciful but vivid illustrations of sea fights, and the work is on the whole one which every real boy will read with delight and profit.

F. L. W.

WHARF AND FLEET. *Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester. With Illustrations from photographs.* By Clarence Manning Falt. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50, net.

THESE ballads were written in earnest, every line of them; and they are done with such evenness, such unwavering exactitude both in rhythm and phrase, that we momentarily expect to see a pendulum go back and forth as we read them.

Read them? Ah, no! That is a pleasure reserved alone for Mr. Falt, the author; for no other human being could hope, without semesters of preparation, to exorcise the demon of that maimed, illegitimate English. We think that the good fisher-folk of Gloucester pipe not to this dialectal pattern, which fails of reality because the writer has attempted to render the precise phonographic fact rather than the general melodic impression. It is not thus that Lowell worked, or Kipling.

C. N.

